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THE BRIDE OF AN EVENING.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BRIDE IN HER CHAMBER.

Oh! when we love each day, if "tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
Then how united we this angel in mortals of ours,
Still thine angel I'll be amid the horrors of thine!
Through the human unite-ing thy voice to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

MOORE.

Let us return to the bereaved bride.

It will be remembered that when she quitely withdrew from the saloon, Mrs. Willoughby and Madam Audsley met her in the hall, where the old lady took the newly married maiden to her aged bosom, prayed God to bless her in the union with the husband of her choice, imprinted a kiss upon her brow, and bade her good night.

Mrs. Willoughby then conducted Honora down the hall, to the last door on the left hand side, where they found Lily Audsley and the matronly waiting-woman, Ruby, in attendance.

Ruby, with a low courtesy, opened the door, and they all entered the bridal chamber.

It was a beautiful room, corresponding to that of Madam Audsley, which was just across the hall. All the exquisite taste and affectionate care of the girls had been lavished upon its arrangement. The walls were covered with a pearl-white paper; the floor with a carpet having a pretty pattern of green upon a white ground; the tall window, the elegant toilet table, the luxurious arm chair, the comfortable lounge, the cozy couch bedstead, were all draped *en suite* with hangings of embroidered lace, lined with rose-colored muslin; the ribbons of these rich Marseilles quilts and toilet covers were in place. The mirror was half veiled with fine lace, fastened back with clusters of roses; and upon the table before it were set in order the many delicate elegancies of the toilet—perfume and costly *essence*, filled with exquisite perfumes; rare and priceless keepsakes of precious metals, wood and shells; and in the midst of all, a beautiful pincushion, the handiwork of Lily, made of white velvet, embroidered and fringed with seed pearls. Ottoman and footstools covered *en suite* with white lace over rose-colored chambray, were scattered about at convenient intervals. A bright coal fire in the polished steel grate, tempered by a rose-colored, transparent screen that stood before it, radiated a joyful warmth through the chamber. Lastly, from the centre of the ceiling, hung a chandelier of silver plate and crystal glass, with a single light under a rose-colored shade, that diffused a soft glow over the whole scene.

As the bride entered this pretty room, her new born attendants hastened to wait upon her; Lily drew forward the easy chair in which she seated herself; Ruby placed the ottoman under her feet; Mrs. Willoughby lifted the veil and she wreath from her brow; and so they proceeded to relieve her of her ornaments—Honora submitting as a matter of etiquette.

When they had put away her splendid wedding-dress, and veil, and wreath, and jewels, and put on her a rich dressing-gown of white cashmere, embroidered and lined with white silk, and placed her prayer-book at her hand, Mrs. Willoughby and Lily Audsley embraced and kissed her; her nurse, Ruby, lifted her hand to her lips, and pressing it to tears, prayed God that her dear young lady's married life might be as happy as her maiden life had been good; and so they all withdrew.

She remained, wrapped in her white cashmere gown, seated in the easy-chair, before the toilet table, where they had left her to herself and her own thoughts—as pure and sacred a shrine as the holy as ever graced chamber or chapel—an ever fitful-ten beam of saint or angel, or angel's self was ven. For with her heart overflowing with love, and gratitude, and prayer, she sat and waited—and, in waiting, prayed; prayed this in the great blessedness of her own highly-favored lot, she might ever remember to add, comfort, and bless as far as she should have power, and they have need, all those whose earthly fate was less favored than her own;—that amid the high distinctions which awaited her as the first lady in the national position than from the rising celebrity of her distinguished husband, she might remain very meek and grateful—remember "What" had made her "to differ," and offering upon the altar of her heart an unceasing oration of thanksgiving to Him;—she that, above all earthly considerations and only next to a faithful husband's devotion to the Lord, she might be a true wife to her adored husband;—that the profound devotion which now filled her heart—making her for all her own will were completely submerged in his—might be made her permanent disposition towards him;—that neither pride, nor temper, nor self-will, nor any other form of selfishness might ever spring up in her bosom, or alloy the love she bore him;—that she might be found quite worthy of him, and equal to all his requirements—wife, friend, companion, counsellor, comforter, servant, if need were—all in one!

So Honora Pauli—now, Honora Dalzelle—sat and mused, while the moments glided by. The sound of the revelry, in soft murmurs, occasionally met her ear. The footsteps of passers in the hall sometimes arrested her attention.

At last the commanding step of one which she would have recognized amid ten thousand other steps, made her heart bound, her cheek flush, and her breath stop, as she listened; but without approaching her door he passed on stairs; and she breathed freely; smiled softly to herself, and sunk back into her chair.

A few minutes passed, and then the same well-known step came lightly down the stairs.

And while she held her breath and listened—calling, blushing, wailing—the front door fell was loudly rung.

"A messenger for some one of the guests," was the silent interpretation of Honora.

She heard the door opened, and the subdued sound of voices; but paid little attention; for half in desire and half in dread she was listening to catch again the sound of those beloved footsteps that had passed somewhere in the hall. There was an increasing though still a half-suppressed excitement in the passage-way.

"Some one is expecting," she thought.

She listened longer—still for that one footstep which came not back. There was an ever augmenting commotion without—the sound of many people hurrying to and fro and eagerly conversing, though still in subdued tones.

"The company is breaking up," she said to herself.

But the confusion was extending. Many persons hurried down the hall. The door of Madam Audsley's chamber, immediately opposite to her own, was thrown open, and some one was borne in thither.

"A lady has fainted," concluded Honora, with an impulse to rush out to the relief of the supposed sufferer, which was only checked by the sudden recollection that the swooning woman, whomsoever she might be, had every sort of attention she could possibly require.

All this while, the guests were heard departing.

At length the excitement began gradually to subside.

At last all was silent.

Still Honora, reclining in her easy-chair, with her half-veiled eyes and soft smile, mused and listened. Why came not that dear footstep?

Ah! who should tell her?

The clock struck two. Honora started at the sound.

"So late! or rather so early! How exceedingly strange that he should be still absent!" she thought.

And then there came a rap at the door. It was not his rap—instinct told her that at once. So with surprise she answered:

"Come in."

Mrs. Willoughby, pallid, trembling, troubled, opened the door and entered.

"Is the name of Honora, what is the matter?" exclaimed Honora, alarmed at her appearance.

"Oh, Honora, Honora, mydear!" cried the lady, approaching and seating herself on the ottoman at Honora's feet.

Honora arose, pale, but self-possessed, saying in a firm, calm, steady tone:

"Some misfortune has occurred; tell me at once what it is nature.

"Oh, my dear—my dear! how shall I ever break it to you?"

"Speak—speak! *Godfrey*—you said *Godfrey!*" exclaimed Honora, growing frightfully pale, and grasping the back of her chair for support.

"Oh, Honora, Honora! prepare yourself! prepare yourself!"

"Heaven! woe. you tell me, or shall I have to rush out to seek for information!" exclaimed the bride, starting forward towards the door.

Mrs. Willoughby sprung up and intercepted her, saying, as she forced her to resume her seat:

"Honora, sit down. I will tell you everything. Only compose yourself—be a woman."

"Then, on your life—on your soul, do not keep me an instant longer on the rack. Speak—Oh, speak! *Godfrey!*—what has happened to him?"

"Oh, my child! Godfrey Dalzelle has been arrested."

THE FIRST MEETING OF GODFREY AND HONORA AFTER HIS ARREST.

"Arrested!" echoed Honora, in even more wonder than fear, for her worst fear, that of his death, was relieved; "arrested, did you say?"

"Yes, yes."

"Arrested! good heaven! But upon what possible pretext? He was not in debt!"

"Oh, my dear! my dear! he was not arrested for debt."

"For what, then? Mrs. Willoughby, you agonize me!"

"No, no, Honora; I save you all I can."

"For what has my husband been arrested? Speak!—answer me or be gone, or I go to——"

"Hear it from under me. Honora, listen and be strong. Your husband has been arrested for—murder!"

"*Murder!* Oh, God!" cried Honora, covering her face with both hands, and sinking back in her chair.

A pause of several dreadful moments intervened, and then, in a low, sepulchral voice, she said:

"Tell me more—tell me all. With whom—murder—has he been so falsely, so unjustly charged?"

"Oh, Honora, with that of Mr. Hugh Haye—twelve months since."

"With the murder of his grandfather! Oh, heaven of heavens!" cried Honora, rarely overwhelmed with horror, as she fell back in her chair, and buried her face in her hands.

"My dear Honora, we do not know upon what grounds the charge has been made; but, of course, we do not believe it to be true."

"Believe it! Perish the soul to base as to believe such an improbability of Godfrey Dalzelle!" broke forth Honora, in indignant reply.

"My dear, I hope nobody does."

"Where is he now?"

"Honora, Honora, have patience,my dear. He was taken off to——"

"To——?"

"The county jail, my child."

"The county jail! Oh, saints in heaven! must that be his lodging this night?"

"It could not be prevented, my dear."

"Oh, madam, madam! you call yourself my friend, and yet, while I must here awaiting him, you suffered my husband to be carried off to prison, without coming to warn me, that I might have seen him before his departure; that I might, perhaps, have been permitted to go with him. Oh, Mrs. Willoughby, Mrs. Willoughby, was that the part of a friend?" cried Honora, bursting into tears.

"Yes, my dear, that was the part of a friend, although you may not consider it so. Honora, we did not wish you to be exposed, as bad you been informed of what was going on, your agitation must have exposed you to the gaping wonder of the crowd," replied the minister's wife, convincingly.

"Oh, cruel, cruel, cruel! But I, to remain here in vain lamentation, am just as cruel. Mrs. Willoughby, the hell-rope is within your reach: will you do me the favor to pull it?"

"Certainly,my dear. But Honora, what do you want?"

"My maid to assist me in dressing, and my man servant to put the horses to the carriage immediately."

"Why, Honora, my dear girl, what do you want with the carriage this time of night?" asked the lady, in astonishment.

"To follow my husband; for whithersoever he goes, there will I go," answered the bride, calmly.

"But, my dear girl, he has gone to the county prison at W——."

"Then to the county prison at W——I go."

"But, my dear, W—— is ten miles off."

"And if it were ten thousand I should set forth."

"Good gracious, Honora! It is but three o'clock, with two hours of deep darkness before the dawn."

"And if it were midnight, with six hours before day, I should set forth without a moment's before me. Ruby," she said to the woman who answered the bell, "go and order Zerubabel to put the chestnut pair to my close carriage. If he has laid down, rouse him up; and then return here to help me on with my traveling dress."

"You madam," answered the woman, wondering at this unseasonable order, as she had wondered at other events that had taken place that evening, without daring to make a comment.

"My dear, you will not think of setting out on such an improper expedition at such an unseasonable hour?" said Mrs. Willoughby, as soon as the door had closed behind Ruby.

"No, madam, I shall not think of doing so, because the matter, being already quite settled in my mind, does not require one moment's thought. I shall be with Mr. Dalzelle by sunrise, if the prison doors will open to admit an applicant at that hour," answered the bride, firmly.

"But, Honora, since you are so resolved, there is another thing that I must inform you of. Your grandmother is very ill."

"My grandmother ill!" responded Honora, in the tone of one who, having received the heaviest blow that could possibly fall upon her, was rendered comparatively insensible to all others.

"Yes, my dear, she avowed a very great hearing of Mr. Dalzelle's arrest, and was taken immediately to bed."

"Let me go and see her," said the bride, throwing a white cashmere shawl around her shoulders, and leaving the room.

Mrs. Willoughby, hoping that the state in which she should find the old lady would be an inducement sufficient to detain her at home, followed her across the hall, into the chamber of Madam Audsley.

They found the room darkened, and the patient sleeping quietly upon her bed, with Dr. Henry watching on one side, and the three girls—their evening garments changed for plain wrappers—sitting on the other.

Dr. Henry's eager inquiries, Dr. Henry answered that the patient was out of immediate danger, and would doubtless so improve during her quiet sleep as to be much better on awakening.

Having satisfied herself in three respects, Honora left the room for the next.

Mrs. Willoughby followed her back to her own chamber, asking anxiously:

"You will not go now, Honora?"

"Not now, but in five minutes hence, dear madam."

"What! and leave your grandmother so ill?"

"My grandmother is better; she is sleeping quietly, and is likely to recover. She has yourself, Dr. Henry, and the three girls with her. Mr. Dalzelle is alone in his trouble, and my place is by my husband's side," replied Honora, decisively.

And just then Ruby appeared to tell her that the carriage was waiting.

Honora, with the help of her waiting-woman, hastily donned her carriage habit, and prepared to depart.

"Good-bye, Mrs. Willoughby. I leave you to explain my absence to my inquirers."

"But you won't you be back. Honora?"

"I know not. When God wills."

"Oh, that Colonel Shannon were here!" said the minister's wife to herself, as she saw Honora enter her carriage and drive off.

But Colonel Shannon, who was desolation in the house or about the premises, could not, just at that juncture, be found.

And so, unnoticed, Honora Dalzelle pursued her journey to the village of W——.

It was during this solitary night ride through the thick forest and the distant mountain gorges, that the astrologer's fell prediction now, in part, so strangely fulfilled, first recurred to her mind, adding its own superstitious gloom and terror to her rival sorrows. But blaming herself for this credulity and summoning her christian faith, she mentally exclaimed:—God reigns, and I repose from the Egyptian's fatal prophecy to His omnipotent love and wisdom."

CHAPTER XV.

THE BEGINNING IN HIS CELL.

And where is he, that tower of strength,
Whom fate with love for life long pursued?
How bears he heart once lioner's throne,
Now high has reared his daring mind?

THOMAS DAVIS ENGLISH.

We must glance back for a moment to Godfrey Dalzelle. Upon entering the close carriage provided to convey him to the county prison, at the recommendation of the sheriff, he seated himself upon the right hand back cushion; Mr. Harrison took the place beside him; facing them on the front seat sat the two bailiffs. The doors were fastened, the word given, and the carriage driven on.

The sheriff would have entered into some conciliating conversation with the prisoner, but that gentleman declined the disposition of his own affairs, and they relapsed into taciturnity. Respect for Mr. Dalzelle restrained the officers from conversing upon irrelevant subjects, and the consequence was, that for hours the drive proceeded in perfect silence.

The thoughts of Godfrey were meanwhile occupied with the incomprehensible strangeness of his present position. But an hour ago, honored as a Christian gentleman, an accomplished scholar, and a distinguished statesman; and blessed as the happy bridegroom of the loveliest bride in the land; and now—a guiltless prisoner in the hands of the sheriff, upon the confounding charge of murder! It was inconceivable! In all the fabled visionaries of human life he had heard of nothing like this. He felt as one who, in the midst of fever, from which he vainly endeavored to close his brain; or of mania from which he struggled to escape; or nightmare from which he strove to awake. It actually required a strong effort of the will to gather the scattered faculties of his astonished mind, and constrain them upon this seeming event. Upon what possible ground could he have been charged with this most unnatural crime? He reviewed all the circumstances of his intercourse with his deceased grandfather, and of his last visit to Hawk's Hole, without finding anything to explain, or give a clue to, or throw the least light upon, the subject of his accusation! The sheriff, at last, broke soon, could tell him nothing. It remained then to wait patiently for the preliminary examination, which the prisoner's counsel were to take place at ten o'clock the coming day.

Such was the current part of the reflections that ensued, was the conjecture as to what would be the effect of the news of his arrest upon Honora, his adored bride, who had so fondly and so fully loved and trusted him; and upon the thousands of friends who had so esteemed and honored him! Would they still give him their confidence and respect? Would she still trust him her love and life?

In the midst of all this the astrologer's prediction recurred to his memory; the mortal fulfillment was regarded as a mere co-incidence, and this part of the subject was dismissed by his practical good sense.

While these thoughts revolved in his mind, the carriage entered the village of W., and stopped before the prison.

The bailiffs alighted. The sheriff followed, and invited his prisoner to come out. Mr. Dalzelle accepted this heavenly, descended and stood upon the flag stones.

It was still quite dark.

Before him stood the gates of a quiet, silent, murky village street. No creature, except themselves, was stirring. No light except a solitary lamp or two shone glimmed in the whole town.

Before them stood the prison—a moderate sized square stone building, enclosed by a stone wall in a circumscribed yard, in which was also the small whitewashed brick house occupied by the warden. Here, also, all was dark and silent. The sheriff's knock was answered by a servant girl, who said that he succeeded in rousing up the jailer, who at last made his appearance, out of an upper window, and said:

"What the deuse is the matter? What do you want?"

"It is the sheriff with a prisoner," answered the bailiff.

"Oh! ay! I'll be down in a minute"—and the head—or rather the voice, for the head could not be seen—of the jailer disappeared from the window.

In a few minutes the warden, attended by a turnkey, came out to the gate, unfastened the strong locks, took down the heavy bars, and admitted the party. Then, after the sheriff had spoken apart to the warden, explaining to him the name and standing of the accused, together with the charge upon which he stood charged, and demanding in his behalf a comfortable and respectful treatment, he took that official up to his drawing and bedchamber.

Mr. Wardour, the warden of the prison, Mr. Dalzelle.

"Can't say I am glad to see you, sir,' nor do I suppose you are 'very happy to make my acquaintance'—for people don't usually come to see the jailer say to their visitors, 'well on all that we can to make your stay with us as agreeable as possible,'" said the jailer, very gravely, even sympathetically, and without the least pretension to a jest.

Mr. Dalzelle bowed without replying.

"Go ahead, Turnor," said the warden to the turnkey, who, with a lantern, preceded the party to the main entrance of the prison proper.

When the heavy, iron-bound door was unlocked and thrown open, they entered a long and gloomy passage, opened the first side door on the right, and went into the warden's office, where a little

preliminary business was transacted, after which the sheriff took leave of his charge, and with the bailiffs left the jail.

"Now, sir, if you please," said the warden, politely, rising, "I will show you to your room."

Mr. Dubasic, with a grave inclination of the head, arose and followed the man. And attended by the turnkey, with a lantern and a bunch of great keys, they passed up a flight of stone steps and reached an upper passage corresponding exactly to the one below, and backed like that with cells with rows of narrow cells. Turning on his course, the warden led the charge up the passage until they reached the farthest door on the right hand front. Turning a key, he admitted him into a small apartment, six feet by nine, having a single grated window in front, a small cot bedstead, a chair, and a stove.

"I put you in this room because it is one of the pleasantest in the establishment—that is, if any of them are pleasant, which I suppose the judges seldom think they are, sir," said the warden, offering his right shoulder to his prisoner, and relieving himself quite with the air of a landlord receiving a guest.

"Anyways," he continued, "this room is clean and dry; and as in front of the building, with a southern aspect, where the sun lies full by the day long, and the window looks out upon the village street."

"I thank you," said Mr. Dubasic.

"Would you like a fire, sir, or perhaps you would rather lie down?" inquired the warden, with the same landlord-like empressement.

"I don't think I'll require a fire, lights, writing materials, and also a small stand. I shall not lie down to-night."

"Certainly, sir, they shall be brought immediately. Turnkey—do you see is the fire and I'll attend to the other things."

The fire was soon kindled, and a little stand was brought in, upon which was placed a lighted lamp, pens, ink and paper.

"Now, then, sir, is there anything else we can do for you?" asked the warden, politely.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Wardour."

"Allen! Sir!"

Mr. Dubasic looked up.

"I ask, Allen! for a gentleman in your circumstances. But, sir, if you would just consider yourself in a tavern like, and call it so, and myself and Tom Turner here 'waiter,' it might seem to go better like—as a gentleman of your fine feelings."

Mr. Dubasic stared in surprise. He did not know he had been too deeply absorbed in his private thoughts to notice the peculiarities of manner and oddity who had him in custody; but now he gazed with curiosity upon a little, short, stout man of about fifty years of age, with a round, rosy, good-natured face, kind blue eyes, and scanty light hair, curling around the ears, one forehead—and who, he suddenly realized, would have been full of lively good-fellowship; but whose position was that of a keeper of the jail, and whose sympathy with the unhappy prisoners, had quite sobered down to habitual gravity. He took him a still more close look at the man, and with sympathy. Seeing that Godfrey looked at his broad-cloth, he remarked:

"Now sir, sir; for if you only would, you have no idea how much obliged you would seem to be. Turner, too, would a great deal rather be called waiter—wouldn't you now, Turner?" he continued, appealing to the turnkey.

"In course, sir," answered that functionary.

"Now, then, you see! Turner would like it better, too," continued the warden, addressing him sadly.

At any other time Mr. Dubasic must have smiled at the quaintness of the idea presented to him; but now he was too much too heavily oppressed, and he answered, sorrowfully—

"I really thank you; but I would rather call persons call things by their proper names."

"And I think, too, sir," put in Turner, who had been hearing one of his keener rebukes, "that perhaps the gentleman would rather be left to himself."

"Aye! the boy is more thoughtful than I am—always is! Well, well! have your own way, Mr. Dubasic! We are at your service—Tom Turner and me. Don't mind my just turning the key of your door;—'tis the rules of the house, you know. You find the rules pasted up in every tavern." And so saying the warden bowed himself out; then he returned to bow himself himself in again to say—

"Excuse me, sir; but wind would you like for breakfast?"

"Anything—anything, my good friend; it really does not matter."

"But if you would be good enough just to express a preference, sir—"

"Well, well, a cup of coffee—"

"And anything else nice that the mistress can prepare—I suggested Beefsteak, in a low voice, nudging the elbow of his chief.

"Always thoughtful—always thoughtful, Turner—"

"Well, sir, we will do all we possibly can for your comfort." And with a very deferential bow, the jailer retired, softly closed the door, and stealthily locked the key. Then the sound should grate upon the feelings of the prisoner.

When left alone Godfrey Dubasic sat musing for a few minutes then he drew his chair before stand with the lamp and the writing materials before him, and commenced a letter in his usual neat and scrupulous bearward with. He wrote on for some time, filling page after page with the expression of his spirit, until warned by the dim red burning of his lamp he looked up and saw that day had dawned.

Extinguishing that also he sat down by the window and watched the light and opened the little window to admit the fresh morning air.

Throughout the night he had heard all around the country to the distant bells where moments were within with noise, and finished with salutes color on the eastern side of the horizon.

Then his eye roamed down upon the village street beneath his window, which was beginning to be astir with early pedestrians and country wagons.

Just opposite from the prison was a village hotel, whose upper rooms were on a level with his cell. On the right of the hotel was the village post office and on the left a physician's office, bearing the sign, Dr. Hunter.

Godfrey Dubasic gazed upon the scene, seeming not. His thoughts were far away.

"Heaven! Heaven! how bereaved his day to be! How fares she now? Who will comfort her?" were the perpetually recurring questions of his mind.

While thus he sorrowfully gazed and mused, the sound of wheels arrested his attention—because they were not those of the heavy, springless, dirty, country wagons that so often rattled and rebounded past, but of the delicately-swung wheels of a very comfortable family coach; looking down he saw a close carriage of dark green, drawn by a pair of fine, thick-bodied chestnut horses. Recognizing this equipage as belonging to Piedmont, and mentioning the name of "Colonel Stanhope," he was silent to retire from the window, when the carriage drew up at the gate, and before the warden me could leave his seat, the door flew open and Horace alighted. He sprang up with the speed of the hour for opening, she apparently found no difficulty in gaining admittance, for in a very few moments she was in the presence of her lover's brother, and in another instant his door was unlocked and Horace in his cell and in his arms.

Tom Turner, who let her in, had closed the door and retired.

For a few moments he held her clasped to his bosom in silence while she wept upon his shoulder; and then—

"Horace! my own, own Horace! how I thank you for this!" he said, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Thank me? Oh, why? It was my bisest privilege to come to you," she exclaimed in a voice thrilling with emotion, as she looked up from his shoulder and met his look of passionate love.

"But, dear wife! sweet wife!" he murmured, softly smoothing back the dark, clustering curls from her white brow, "how pale you are! You cannot have slept at all!"

"Oh! did you think I could and you—*here*!"

"And to come to me so early this morning, you must have passed through the streets of Piedmont at the night!"

"I did! I did! Ah! did you think I could *otherwise*?—But that was nothing—nothing! Now I am with you, thank God!" she said, fervently, letting her head-dress fall back, and gazing upon him, seeing the tears from her eyes.

"I did, I know, my angel!—she continued—I intended to be calm; for after all, dear Godfrey, though this affair is very trying to us, yet it must be over in a few hours. The examination takes place in the magistrate, take place, I am told, at ten o'clock this morning. And after the charge against you is very unreasonable, so exceedingly preposterous—my, indeed, it is more than that—so utterly void of the crime—I should say so supremely ridiculous—that it will not bear a moment's calm investigation."

Godfrey might have told her that, irrational as the accusation really was, strong circumstances did prove, and speedily discharged as probably he would be—yet the fact that any charge must rest upon him forever, or until the real criminal should be discovered.

But Horace Hastings approaching, he strained her once more to his bosom, pressed an impassioned kiss upon her lips, and then took his seat in the chair at entrance.

Then placing her in the only chair, he stood beside her with his hand resting upon the little stand and waiting for the new-comer.

It was Tom Turner, a man who discreetly rapped, and being bidden to come in, stealthily turned the key and deferentially entered.

He came to bring hot and cold water and clean towels, and to announce that Mr. Dubasic's breakfast was ready.

Then he quickly disappeared again. But by the time Mr. Dubasic had refreshed his face and head, he returned, bearing a delicate breakfast for two. He set it upon the little stand, darted out of the cell and brought a second chair. Then begging Mr. Dubasic to rap on the table if he should need anything, the good creature left them to the materials outside the door.

The newly married pair drew up to the stand and simultaneously raised their eyes to each other's face; the same thought was in the minds of both—

"How little did we think one week ago that we would be served in the cell of the county prison." But as they gazed upon each other's faces they softened and glowed with the mutual thought—

"But we sit down to partake of it together!"

In truth, there was but little appetite between them; yet each drank a little coffee and ate a morsel of bread; and then Mr. Dubasic summoned Tom Turner to take away the service. That functionary, after clearing away the things, placed the stand and retired, leaving the pair together in the cell, where they remained undisturbed until ten o'clock, when the warden entered to inform the prisoner that the sheriff had arrived to attend him to the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER XVI.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

"Come, young man, now! I know my mind,
And would to strength remain
Proud, gifted, earnest, ardent, kind,
Always that absolute in mind!"

—Browning.

"My dearest love, where shall I attend you?" inquired Mr. Dubasic, as he arose and assisted the services of the sheriff.

"Home—at Our own spot; by our side; I cannot leave you, Godfrey," replied Horace, rising and putting on her hat in his.

"My own dearest Horace, how I thank you; but this must not be. Level A magistrate's office is no place for a delicate woman."

"And she is no time. God knoweth, for fanion to delicacy!" exclaimed Horace, bursting into tears in a shower tone and with deeper feeling, she added—"A wife's place is beside her husband in all trouble, wherever he may be! I would remain with you through all, still you were in the cell or trial;—dearest Godfrey, do not send me from you!"

"But, sweet wife, you really must not accompany me to such a place."

She sighed but ere to speak again, and then paused, and looked silently and tenderly in his face, a beaming, loving look.

"Ah, do not tell me so! Remember, I am bound to obey you now—a sweet, sweet bondage that I love to feel, in which I will not rebel; I only do not command me, now, away from your side for if you do I shall be obliged to go, and that would deeply, deeply pain my heart!"

"It is for your own sake, dearest Horace, that I would have you leave me now!"

"Then, for my own sake, let me go with you?" pleaded Horace.

"But, dear love, you do not know what you ask! The vulgar crowd that gathers around such a place, on such an occasion, would stare you out of countenance."

"I will lower my veil! They shall not see your wife's face—Godfrey, you will let me go?" she prayed, leaning on his arm, looking up into his face—"dear husband, it is the first favor I have asked of you since our marriage. You cannot refuse it!"

No, he could not; her soft, appealing gaze, her pleading tones, her argument was irresistible.

So it is, my generous love—be it so!" he said, drawing her to his bosom in an earnest embrace."

Two minutes afterwards the sheriff appeared. He bowed politely to Mr. Dubasic and his wife, and inquired if the former was ready.

Being answered in the affirmative, he led the way to a close coach, down the corridor, and the stone stairs through the lower hall, and so out of the prison door and the front yard into the street, they crossed to get into the magistrate's office, which occupied one of the lower rooms in the house opposite, and before which a large crowd was collected.

They made their way more easily than might have been expected through this mass, that separated, having a path, that they might have a better view of the accused, and of the lady that hung upon his arm.

"Oh, see, too, implacable! they asked of each other.

Mr. Dubasic's eyes roved calmly over the crowd on either side, and many were the impudent glances that met his searching, but clear gaze. Honora gathered her veil closely over her face.

And so the party entered the magistrate's office. The sheriff conducted his prisoner to a seat and cleared the room of all except those persons in some manner connected with the business before the public.

Among the persons present were the witnesses who had been examined at the coroner's inquest. These witnesses were Mr. Jay, Mr. Hamilton, and Shannon, who met and shook hands with the accused, and who also looked very much surprised on beholding his bride by his side.

"I must take a seat beside of your arrest will be more rectified, sir," said the colonel to Mr. Dubasic.

"I trust so, sir. And I must thank you for your kindness, Colonel Stanhope," replied Godfrey Dubasic.

"Ah, I shall stand by a gentleman who has so recently honour connected with our family, said the colonel, with a very polite bow, "and I am sure that my son Shannon, going to the bar, will be glad to do the same."

Mr. Dubasic bowed with stately courtesy.

"But, sir," continued the colonel, "I confess I am a little surprised and pained at seeing my niece here. I had supposed on your first arrest that you sent me to advise that she may retire. I can attend to this in a private parlor in the hotel."

"I thank you, sir, but I must remain in the matter," replied Godfrey.

"Indeed, sir! the charge against my niece but not from this," said Colonel Shannon, going to the side of his niece.

"Uncle, I am here by my own will, and with my husband's consent. I thank you for your kind offer, but I prefer to remain," replied Horace, elegantly but firmly.

"I must take a seat beside you, Colonel," said Shannon, who also looked very much surprised on beholding his bride by his side.

"Ah, indeed! Then I will sit on the other side of my niece," said the colonel to Mr. Dubasic.

The justice, who had all the time been busily writing, now rose, and the sheriff, having signalled his intention to open the examination.

Mr. Hugh Hazen, a wealthy planter, standing in front of the magistrate's table.

Mr. Jay, the coroner, in a direct breathless attention, the investigation commenced.

First the witnesses who had given testimony before the coroner could answer questions of such evidence on the former occasion being already taken down, they were called upon separately for detail.

It amounted to nearly this: that the old man had given a Christmas dinner and supper; that he had retired to bed, at nine o'clock, in his usual health and spirits; that he had left the house with one who saw him living was Godfrey Dubasic, who left his husband with the house in his private, and Agnes Darke, who, a few moments after, returned to the house in great haste, and found him in a deep repose; that about two hours after midnight, the overseer and the farm servants were aroused by the cries of the cook and the house servants, from whom frenzie exclamations rather than from any connected narrative, they learned that a most thing horrible had occurred at the house, which, when they reached, they found to be the assassination of the old man, who was found in his bedroom, Darke disappeared, nor could be found to give information of the affair upon which account he was suspected, and given with the mutual thought—

"Have we done wrong to partake of it together?"

In truth, there was but little appetite between them; yet each drank a little coffee and ate a morsel of bread; and then Mr. Dubasic summoned Tom Turner to take away the service. That functionary, after clearing away the things, placed the stand and retired, leaving the pair together in the cell, where they remained undisturbed until ten o'clock, when the warden entered to inform the prisoner that the sheriff had arrived to attend him to the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER XVI.

STARTLING EVIDENCE.

"Come, young man, now! I know my mind,
And would to strength remain
Proud, gifted, earnest, ardent, kind,
Always that absolute in mind!"

—Browning.

"My dearest love, where shall I attend you?" inquired Mr. Dubasic, as he arose and assisted the services of the sheriff.

"Home—at Our own spot; by our side; I cannot leave you, Godfrey," replied Honora, rising and putting on her hat in his.

"My own dearest Honora, how I thank you; but this must not be. Level A magistrate's office is no place for a delicate woman."

"And she is no time. God knoweth, for fanion to delicacy!" exclaimed Honora, bursting into tears in a shower tone and with deeper feeling, she added—"A wife's place is beside her husband in all trouble, wherever he may be! I would remain with you through all, still you were in the cell or trial;—dearest Godfrey, do not send me from you!"

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"It is for your own sake, dearest Honora, that I would have you leave me now!"

"Then, for my own sake, let me go with you?" pleaded Honora

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"Among the smiling scenes that followed," continued Mr. Dulanie, "it'll will be readily believed that I had no time for thoughts of other matters. It was late in the afternoon before I remembered the important document in search of which I had turned back, and which I found just where I had left it. It was days afterwards that I discovered the loss of the draw-suit which I had left in my chamber, and for which, indeed, having put on mourning, I had to me. When I missed this suit, I naturally supposed that it had been mislaid; but seeing that it could not be found, I came to the conclusion that it had been purloined by one of the negroes, or perhaps by some one among the miscellaneous crowd that had filled the house at the time of the coroner's inquest, and afterwards during the funeral. And so, being deeply occupied with more important affairs, I dismissed that matter from my mind. Now, however, twenty-odd days, I discovered circumstances connected with the draw-suit that cast a new light upon the whole affair, and to conclude that that suit was stolen and got on by the murderer, both for the sake of concealing his own identity, and for the purpose of fixing the crime upon another. As for the presence of the missing suit in the pocket of the coat, I suppose, in any manner account for that circumstance, except upon the hypothesis that that coat was purloined by the murderer. Your worship, I have said all that, at present, I have to say on this matter," and concluded the prisoner, as, with a bow, he resumed his seat.

There was a pause, a hesitation, a reluctance, evident on the part of the magistrate, who, at length, said,—

"Mr. Dulanie, your defense is very plausible; but your explanation seems rather far-fetched, and it becomes my painful duty to commit you for trial before the Criminal Court, now in session at this place."

Then turning to his clerk, the magistrate gave some directions in a low voice to that functionary, who took up his pen and began filling out a blank form.

"Your nothing, dear one, fear nothing: for God is with the guiltless," whispered Godfrey Dulanie, pressing the hand of his bride, who, with her non-chevelled ringlets, had heard this judgment pronounced.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, after talking apart for a few minutes, went to the prisoner's trade and offered to enter into a recognizance to any amount that should be required for the appearance of the prisoner at court. But the justice reminded those gentlemen that a prisoner accused of a capital crime, the charge against whom was full evidence, was not bailable.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, after a little fruitless controversy upon the subject, bowed and fell back to the room.

The clerk laid the committal before the magistrate, who signed and placed it in the hands of the officer, saying,—

"Remove the prisoner."

Then the sitting was adjourned, and the justice arose.

The crowd began to disperse.

Colonel Shannon and Mr. Willoughby, though, as a matter of form, or perhaps from a sense of propriety, they offered bail for the prisoner, felt now, that it was refused, seemed indisposed to approach, or to say manner nothing, to Godfrey Dulanie, to whom an ear in that crowd, except Honora, spoke one word of sympathy, comfort, or encouragement.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WIFE'S FIDELITY.

To cannot love thy sable soul,
Though thou hast saved my life;
The air of this may vex thee cold,
The fruit thy home bears barren fruit.

—MRS. OSGOOD.

"This way, if you please, sir," said the sheriff, in a cold voice, addressing his prisoner, and preparing to leave the magistrate's office.

Mr. Dulanie pressed the hand of his wife, and, still retaining it in his own, arose and looked around for some proper friend to whom care he might confide her. He shrunk first thought of Colonel Shannon; but that gentleman, with a gloomy and abstracted air, was talking to the magistrate. He next looked around for Mr. Willoughby; but the minister, with a moody and repellant brow, turned away. Dr. Hicks was out and Roland in manner. Dr. Henry frowning in his looks.

There was not a man in that assembly who did not believe the prisoner guilty.

Godfrey Dulanie, with a very pale, sad face, and turned his glance down upon the noble girl beside him, whom he had so unconsciously made the victim of his own misfortunes. She divined his thoughts and intentions, and although so deadly pale, she arose and pressed her arm within his, and, with a steady voice, said,—

"Permit me to go with you, dearest Godfrey, and to remain as long as the authorities will allow!"

But before Mr. Dulanie could reply, Colonel Shannon left the side of the magistrate, hastened forward, and said his hand on his arm, saying,—

"My dear niece, you must come with me at once. I wish to have some conversation with you."

"With Mr. Dulanie's consent, if you please, uncle," said the lady, withdrawing her hand, and lifting to her husband's face a glance full of devotion, which, at the same time, implied confidence. She might not have thought it necessary to display.

"It is not, then," replied the colonel, coldly.

Mr. Dulanie, with your permission, I would have a few minutes' private conversation with my niece."

"Certainly, sir," replied Godfrey, with dignity. Then, stooping to his wife, he said gently: "Honora, dear one, go with him. You will know where to find me an hour hence." And pressing her hand in that of the colonel, Mr. Dulanie turned to follow the officer.

Colonel Shannon led Honora through the back door of the office (which, it will be remembered, was one of two first floor front rooms of the village hotel), and along a narrow passage, to a private parlor. Placing a chair for the unsuspecting girl, he seated himself, and looking her straight in the face, said,—

"Honora Paulo!"

"Honora Dulanie, if you please, uncle," amended the girl, with much dignity.

"Very well; we will not stop to dispute about trifles. Honora Dulanie, then, I am a straight forward man of few words. As your uncle and guardian, I believe we are to inform you that you are a fool."

"I thank you, uncle, for the intelligence. Self-knowledge is the most desirable of all wisdom."

"You need not be sarcastic, Honora; I speak only for your good. Your present circumstances are certainly distressing, but not desperate, although you are disposed to make them so."

"What mean you, uncle?"

"Why this: your one sin is a unbelief. A marriage ceremony was last night performed between yourself and a man totally unworthy of you——"

"Uncle!" interrupted the lady.

"Nay, never think to broaden me with your flashing glance, Honora. I tell you the truth to hear me out. Within a few hours after the ceremony this man was arrested upon the charge of murder, and, most providentially, before he had entered the threshold of your bridal chamber."

And what would you mean to imply by that, sir?" inquired the resolute girl, in a firm voice, though she trembled to the edges of her hair.

"A most important fact, namely, that you are a bride, but actually not a wife."

"In this case a distinction without a difference, sir. I hold myself as irrevocably his wife as if we had been married twenty years, instead of twenty hours. But let me hear your whole policy, sir, that I may understand what you would have us to do," said Honora, whose manner had grown colder and more frowning as she began to perceive the drift of her guardian's discourse.

"I will tell you then, Honora. Being the bride of an evening only, if you couldn't yourself with delicacy, discretion and firmness, you may be easily released from your present embarrassing position."

"Speak plainly, sir. In short, what would you have me do?"

"I would have you put yourself under my protection; place yourself under my care; renounce the name of Godfrey Dulanie; disclaim your union with him; resolutely refuse to see him, or to hold any sort of communication with him."

Honora suddenly raised her eyes to heaven, and lifting her hands, struck them together in a nervous clasp, and dropped them upon her lap.

"I myself will undertake to procure you counsel, and will not know, for instantly she recovered her composure, controlled herself, and inquired calmly and coldly of Mr. Shannon,—

"Well, sir, and what then?"

"What then? Why, my dear, this community who feel convinced of Dulanie's guilt, will honor you and applaud your course; your friends will give you their sympathy and respect; the legislature will, upon your application, annul your marriage contract; I myself will then make suitable arrangements to take you to Europe, where we will travel together for the benefit of your health, and of the trial and the fate of this wretched man, and where you may soon, with the aid of time, forget the world for a year or so, and this affair is forgotten."

It would be impossible to give any idea of the expression of Honora's noble countenance while listening to this cold, cruel, and selfish speech. She had suffered upon herself was overwhelmed by the terrible calamity which had fallen upon her, seen the blood to her cheeks and the fire to her eyes.

"Angels in Heaven!" she exclaimed, in a deep, impassioned voice—"do you hear this old man? Did all who ever would have an angel for a husband in the hour of his utmost need?"

"Now then, my dear, what is the girl?" snapped the colonel, impatiently.

"Uncle!" she slowly replied, as her beautiful lip curled with the noble scorn, with which a lofty spirit looks upon any kind of meanness, "I am no more capable of the conduct you suggest to which you counsel me, than he was of committing the crime with which he stands accused."

"In the demon's name, young woman, what is it that you up?" exclaimed the colonel, in rising anger.

"I say, in effect, sir, that I will stand by my husband as long as both shall live!" answered the lady, with unflinching courage.

"You will you will you?" exclaimed the colonel, in a voice quivering with rage.—"You will? Then let me tell you what will be the consequence: You will be hated, despised, and reject ed by your friends, and children with them, and by his unnatural crime; you will be abandoned by your friends; you will be disowned by your family by your own father, who has the power to disgrace, and ruin of him whom you madly call your husband!"

"Even so much, if necessary, I promised as the lady answered, with calm dignity, but in a manner with a deep, earnest, fervent manner, to which a slight vein of sarcasm gave piercing point, "I have vowed to be true to him in all the relations I have to be his wife of Godfrey Dulanie, the vow that I made then was, 'to take him for my wedded husband, for better, but not for worse; for richer, not for poorer, sickness and health, to love, honor, and cherish, reserve and succor!" said Honora, in a deep, earnest, enthusiastic tone.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!" grunted the old man, starting from his chair, and walking up and down the floor.

"And now, uncle," said Honora, rising, "if you have no more to say to me, I must bid you good morning, for my husband awaits me."

"Miss Honora Paulo!" cried the Colonel, stopping abruptly in his walk.

"Pardon me for correcting you again, sir; but since you will not allow me to retain the name of Dulanie," said Honora, more jealous for her husband's name now that the colonel acted upon it, than she could have been under brighter auspices.

"Mrs. Godfrey Dulanie, then, as your guardian I command you to remain in my house!"

"Pardon me once more, sir, for reminding you that Mrs. Godfrey Dulanie receives commands from her husband," said the lady, severely, and with a tacitous emphasis upon that "and loved" word.

"Death of all the demons, girl! you need a straight-waistcoat! Are you mad, or what?" exclaimed! *Sir Shaw*, I say, at least, and listen to me, before you make yourself the destruction! They exclaimed the old man, seizing his niece by the wrist, and forcing it violently into a seat. "Now, I say my in spite of threatened misery, disgrace, and ruin, you will stand by the man whom you treasonably call your husband!"

"So help me Heaven at my utmost need, I will," said Honora, solemnly.

"Now, in the meantime, are you to live? *Ha* fortune is gone. The missing will is found. He is a beggar."

"My fortune remains," answered the lady.

"It does! But, by the powers! it remains in my hands, where it shall continue for awhile."

"Then, when he is acquitted, as he will be, we can both work!"

"Ay; but while he is in prison?"

"I can work for him. While one you do, Donna Quixote!—you who never helped yourself to a glass of water, or stooped to pick up your own pocket handkerchief—what can you do?"

"I can shirts, must needs keep a day-school—anything honest."

"Keep school? As if people would send their children to the wife of a felon!"

"Uncle!" interrupted Honora, with startling energy.

"Nay, never flash your eyes at me in that manner. I say that he is a felon!" exclaimed the old man, furiously.

"Sir," said Honora, now speaking slowly, calmly, and sternly, though she was white as marble, and "retract that word, or, by all my hopes of Heaven, we are strangers, henceforth!"

"I will not retract it! I will repeat it—Godfrey Dulanie is a felon!" exclaimed the enraged old man, in a voice of thunder.

"Now, palsied be the tongue that speaks such slanders against his noble name!" were the words that Honora would have spoken, but, before a word is said, they remained smothered. Even amid the tempest of grief, scorn, and anger that stormed in her bosom, she remembered the respect due to gray hairs, and controlled herself. She rose, bowed, and advanced towards the door, with the purpose of leaving the room.

"I return to your seat, madam! By the Heaven above us, you shall not ruin yourself and disgrace your family!" thundered the old man, starting up to prevent her progress.

Honora, who was now thoroughly self-possessed, paused at once, but remained standing, while she quietly answered,—

"Colonel Shannon, listen to me, if you please. Last night, in the presence of two hundred witnesses, you gave me as a bride to Mr. Godfrey Dulanie, to whom I was then and there wedded. By the laws of God and man, I am his wife, and no power on earth can separate us. Now, I am going to my husband;" and with a slight bow she went on.

He sprang up and intercepted her, seized her arm and forced her back into the room. "You are too proud to struggle; but just so soon as she set travel together for the benefit of your health, and of the trial and the fate of this wretched man, and when you arrive at Paris, you will be free to see the world for a year or so, and this affair is forgotten."

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS.

The Pilgrim Society of Plymouth some time ago determined to erect at Plymouth a colossal monument in the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. This, without cause, nor too soon, have they decreed it. On all the accounts of their glorious deeds no paper more memorable, nor stands a group more lofty and bold than the historic page and the bold group of the Pilgrims, who, leaving the perils of the ocean in the fragile Mayflower, in the rising winter of 1620, landed

"On the stern and rock-bound coast"

of New England—on the Rock of Plymouth! Such was the spot for such a purpose, and here they planted a colony. No warrior ambition, no lust for gold, no thought of earthly honors stirred their hearts—but their bones, and the bones and graves of their kindred, in the fatherland. For freedom alone they dared a forest—dared the ocean—dared the wilderness—dared the savage foe; and, casting behind them all but a soul bitter memory of the wrongs they had suffered, and the trials they had borne, they reared their cabins and altars in the wilderness, and thanked God, in the face of danger, of death, that they had found, at last, a spot for rest, refuge and free worship.

These were men and women fit to plant the seed of a new and free nation, and to develop a new world. Others had crossed the ocean, but not to here deem the forest or to tame the wilderness. The hildalgo and the cavalier sought the new world, fired with visions of innumerable conquests and countless gains; the merchant, the free thought it, not for their own freer enjoyment of religious faith, but to impose their creeds on all others—some one by a bigotry of blood. Only the Pilgrim came to turn the back upon it, content with all their hard fate, nor to wander in "pitiless woods," but to accept each soil and climate, and each privation and bloody war. Providence watched over them. To win freedom from the mitred bigot and the mailed despot, was their single theory. They were men and women of dauntless courage and unbending will. Their faith in God made them even greater than a mailed host; it was more than sword and shield; it flashed light into the forest depths, and raised a song of thanksgiving louder than the rattle of musket or the roar of the tempest driven sea.

Such is no need that we should detail the story of the Pilgrims—how they suffered, yet fainted not —how the forest and the wilderness fell before them—how they made the wilderness blossom—how their cabins swelled to hamlets and villages, and their schools-houses and temples arose on every hill and in every vale, until from the scanty but glorious stock of fathers and mothers, and a handful of a few month, populous colonies spread wide over the land. Every new American, every child, knows the story, and keeps it fresh in the heart—a fountain of grateful inspiration and patriotic pride. No other people than the descendants of the Pilgrims can boast so grand an ancestry. Admit all the "vaunting" and domineering spirit, and even intolerance charge to their account, they still stand the bravest and noblest band of colonizers on record.

The battle they fought for their faith, a century and a half since the Reformation, was the great battle for the welfare of the world that the Revolution itself. But for victory in that early battle with bill, principles and suffering, more than likely the Revolution would never have come. Inspired by religious faith, the heroism of the Pilgrims cast forward into the souls of their children the elements and the spirit of revolution. Their examples and teachings made bondage odious to all who came after them. Such fathers and mothers are worthy of a monument—a monument art can build; and when art has done its labors, their memory will shape a prouder monument in the hearts of grateful Americans.

A RICHLY-BAITED TRAP.

We clip the following advertisement from a morning paper:

WANTED—By a Widower, a Governess for two children, four and seven years of age. A young lady of good manners and of fine physical appearance would be preferred, though a young widow without children might be accepted. The most liberal salary will be paid, and the situation will in every way be rendered as agreeable as possible. Address ——.

This advertisement amounts to nothing less (or more) than an invitation to the fairest portion of the fair sex in general, for one of their number to sell her character and happiness to the advertiser, for "a liberal salary" and the "most agreeable situation possible," under the disguise of seeking a governess to his two children. We have no words with in the ingenuity and goodness of the wo, to believe that he will succeed in his purpose.

ULTIMATE OF MORMONISM.

Of the Utah saints we have spoken heretofore. That they are vagabonds and miscreants, is no longer doubted, save among themselves, as they have degraded all decency, so have they defied all proper civil restraint. For a long time they have been virtual traitors and outlaws. Now, they have armed to push down all outside authority. They are prepared for and have already practiced rapine and murder. But some of these are now characteristics. Their settlement in Nevada is a simple warning as to who and what they were. Yet, we all the zeal of their iniquities has blossomed in blood, our government has tolled with the sword and political severance. Party politics and personal ambitions have overridden the public welfare, and now, when it has come to war in earnest —a war that will cost many lives and millions of money—when the issue is staggering and only to conquer what might, our President Filmore began the parley with Mormonism, have been put down by a bare breath of federal authority. It is the old story of holding the door after the burglar has done his work.

The Mormons compared chiefly of a low class of farmers, are disposed to be quiet in a time of war, and will permit no civilized rule in Utah until forced at the cannon's mouth. They have no controlling their hordes, and turning every available means into weapons and munitions of war, it will require an army of at least five thousand disciplined troops to cope with them. They have made up their minds to fight, and fight to the last. Brigham Young has gathered themselves for the conflict. It will be a bloody struggle, and, if the Mormons are not conquered—what? Not the Mormons, but a wasteland, for—mark our words—when defence is no longer possible, Brigham and his people will make Utah a scene of desolation, and then for his new quarters, perhaps in the Russian dominions, whither their women and children will have been sent before them. The Mormon power in America is nearly up in Utah, but they are bound not to reach a new dominion until the old one is crossed with ashes and blood. Let the war be let our government take the blame, as it deserves.

KINDNESS.

How true it is that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and that deeds of kindness to the poor will ever act as heaping coals of fire upon one's head. The rule of kindness is a part of the golden rule of love—even as pure love is a part of the Divine Spirit. Kindness is as cheap as it is beautiful. It may be given in a word or a look, without the slightest sacrifice of our wealth. With countless aims we may find opportunities to exercise such divine blessings which no gold could purchase. To be kind-hearted, to befriend the friendless, to be ready to do so in the hour of need, to be sympathetic in our manner, and thus the sincere words of kindness will find an open response in the heart of the poor, and will be treasured up as priceless gems in the memory of the afflicted.

Words of kindness are like the gentle dew drops that descend from heaven upon the thirsty flowers, refreshing and reviving them, causing them to look up with gratitude to their benefactor, and to bloom more beautifully than before. Kindness is the sunshine of the heart, which sheds its cheering rays upon the path of the unfortunate, causing them to look up with hope and confidence to the future, and to realize that there is a brighter day in store for them. Kindness is the oil which soothes the troubled waters of affliction, and pours the balm of consolation into the wounded heart. Kindness is the watchword which encourages the desponding soul to battle manfully with the stern realities of life, and to conquer the many difficulties which obstruct its path to success. Kindness is the key which unlocks the doors of many hearts, and admits us to the inner sanctuary of friendship, where we may dwell in peace and happiness, and enjoy the sweet communion of kindred spirits.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together, and the loss of which would be the destruction of the social compact. Kindness is the oil which lubricates the machinery of life, and prevents the friction which would cause the wheels to stop. Kindness is the principle which actuates the noble and generous, and which distinguishes them from the selfish and narrow-minded. Kindness is the spirit which characterizes the true Christian, and which will obtain for him the approval of his Maker. Kindness is the principle which should govern the conduct of every man, woman and child, and which will secure to them the confidence and esteem of all with whom they associate.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE CHILD WHOM NOBODY CAN DO ANYTHING WITH.

I wonder is it remembered that there shall be one child in every family whom "nobody can do anything with?" That there is found the poisoned pasture with the hole in the air, looking at rules, as a colt does at fences, as good things to jump over, as the Fourth of July is to a cracker with a "broken in," and all the graceful curvelings soberly laid down as monotonous jog-trot; that is said to be taught to bear heavy burdens, and to toil up many a steep ascent at the beck of the spur; but who that has climbed the weary hight does not pass the haltor round the neck of the pretty creature with a half-sigh, that its happy day of careless freedom should be soon ended?

Have it become only from you, making you almost glad that your attempt was a failure; how lovingly your eye follows it, as it makes its own "broken in," and stops at a safe distance to nod you defiance. Something of all this every child has in it, and it is the duty of the wise to encourage their bonds, and turning every available means into weapons and munitions of war, it will require an army of at least five thousand disciplined troops to cope with them. They have made up their minds to fight, and fight to the last. Brigham Young has gathered themselves for the conflict. It will be a bloody struggle, and, if the Mormons are not conquered—what? Not the Mormons, but a wasteland, for—mark our words—when defence is no longer possible, Brigham and his people will make Utah a scene of desolation, and then for his new quarters, perhaps in the Russian dominions, whither their women and children will have been sent before them. The Mormon power in America is nearly up in Utah, but they are bound not to reach a new dominion until the old one is crossed with ashes and blood. Let the war be let our government take the blame, as it deserves.

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GOOD BREEDING.

BY MARY TURNBURY.

We are all gentlemen and gentlewomen. Any hint to the contrary is a gross insult; yet every day we violate the laws of good breeding. Incivilities abound. There must be a radical wrong somewhere. Our gentlemen and women are not born gentlemen—from the head out, through all the fine strata of their growth and experience. Our mansions and cottages are not all homes of kind feeling and gracious expression, sending out genial warmth through the whole social system. Too many sit in dingy fustian, with unkempt and slip-shod manners, at their desolate hearths, barren at their tables, and not yet as velvet robes and parable feathers—dress-coats and mantilly, and go forth—genteel guests-folk. But their feathers will get awry on parade, and disclose the coarse habits beneath.

Slang-phrases, ridicule, shovelliness, vulgar attitudes, and oaths, are admitted into no system of good breeding, and the thorough-bred can, by no possibility, be surprised into them.

Such a person—a gentleman by position and at heart—who, in public circle, indulges in an explosive "*Damme!*" or "*Pshaw!*" or does not fully endorse an opinion, and perpetrates a long, low whistle, when some story, to his mind appropriate, is related. It matters not how disgusting or vicious the story told, by a woman. It is his business to say, confirmed by years of fresh practice, and she must abide the indignity as best she may. So she really chivalric Hans becomes a gentleman who do not choose to send him with his own weapon.

All unthinking Cousin Kate—all Cousin Kates are rollicking and lawless. Everybody loves them, everybody's friends them, because they love everybody and spare nobody. Cousin Kate Forrest is no exception. A cross between the imp and the child she would fain be upon the knees of the old Dominie, when he chanced to be our guest, with his sweet laying on of hands, and prayer of voices and accents; and when he had gathered her to his heart in neat leather wise, and called her "my little Kate," and kissed her, would slip gayly down, and come up presently—a curly-headed romp—with a little chair, making imaginary dashes at his great, frowning wig—tapping the palm of her hand with the cane—peeping into his face, and turning up the blue white of her eyes, while she delivered some long-winded homily in irresistible mimicry. Whereat each one of the family manufactured the smile, that would come, into his face, of "mistress-talk"—grandma and aunt—good enough, too, at times. And that way grew the mischief, that, in her maturer years, made her sometimes all mental and physical obliquities—even hereafter-born private capital to Kate. Not a point in her character but was developed in her. Pride was tenderly about upon her, just as she was parting up the steps of her fingers. Free Kate! Impromptu luxurious and demureness would not have been her appearance in the world's eyes, spinster. Miss Prim's tall figure cut through the sunlight that followed like a sharp knife, and not the shadow of a Prim has since darkened our threshold. As the twig is bent the tree's inclined. Cousin Kate is a woman now. She has never grew with her. She has erect, womanly instincts, and a free, healthful spirit that has attracted about her many circle. The imp grew, too, to as "amusing little" as those unpreventable pranks have ever been among a tear—whose rubbish hook will ever be upon the fairest flowers of her bent. Fathers and mothers, look out for the imps if you would jog in the angels.

Shovelliness and vagabondism are offshoots from the same root of mismanagement. "Home, sweet home" is indeed the school of the fine arts. Natural grace and the "bump of order" are goodly gifts; but manners and elegance are none the less commendable when the result of well and assiduous training. Children are not little machines, to be put into circumscribed circles, and then wound up, and set to running, like a clock. Children are not to be treated as Apollo whose tooth were extracted with a gimlet. Children are not to be put into the churchiest child is called flannel, nor abide a simple with a speck in it. Keep the soul in white robes, and the body will follow after and more seriously.

Such is home character in attitude. Noiseless stands calm and strong, and sits with an easy equilibrium. Gentlewomen live one and love the other, and hope over the choke-arms like a wilted leaf. Discrimination writhes and twists, and sits with a fidget. Intuition bends slightly forward and hears without hearing, and sees without seeing. Gentlemen and gentlewomen are born to the same attitude. Meanness makes high shoulders, and pride has its diminished head between them. Egotism stands like a capital I, and sits like a capital I with a joint in it. Enthusiasm wears holes in the carpet, and defiance rebels—even. Children high born grace and excellence in the inner man, and the outer man will be the same in the ballpond.

Profane manhood is manhood debased and defiled. Profane womanhood is a horror—thank Heaven! an anomaly. Oaths are vulgar, senseless, offensive, and degrading—coarse words, they leave a coarse trail upon the lips, and a stamp of odium upon the whole person, which must be very grossly marked, while they outrage taste and dignity. They are the emanations only from the lips that have not yet sweet dew of baby-kisses—that never thrill to the pushing seal of love and benison—that whisper no words of kindness with the effluvia of glib and garlic—nobody does and darkness, are their proper habitation. Nobody is the connect kind of Hillingsgate; but there are those among us who are almost as disgraceful to use the language of fishwomen, yet shower down mallens upon all offenders with unscrupulous zealous. Probably it is because it is so and careful training of our manikin fails rushing blindly upon the dark waters of the infinite. Mortal mothers uncover their heads and put off their shoes; archangels veil their faces with their wings and contemplate from afar with his God—removes his choice cigar, with jeweled hand, to exhaust vocalism in well-rounded oaths—turns up street lynxes and Bacchic revels, or lies down in loathsome gutters with a drunken leer—but angels and God and pure and gently-bred noblemen is no swearer. Your true gentlemen and gentlewomen are reverend towards the immortal within them, and the God who made them. Home is the only school of high art; false fathers and mothers are the only "old masters."

A SCHOOLFELLOW'S OFFERING.—C. M. Alward, an influential and respectable bookseller, of Niles, Michigan, in a business communication to us, writes as follows:—

I shall do my best to increase the LEDGER'S *circulation, for, aside from any pecuniary interest I have in its sale, I do honestly believe it is "the best paper on the world."*

DEAR SIR,

C. M. ALWARD.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—EXPLAINED BEFOREHAND BY HIMSELF, BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

It is a benevolent provision of nature that in old age the memory enjoys a second spring—a second bloom, scarcely less beautiful than the first, and that, while the recent and passing occurrences, many of which are too painful concomitants of old age, we have a vivid and delightful recollection of the pleasures of the past. Many a pensioned who seems to be lost in vacancy, as he sits silently before his domicile, is in fact enjoying the sweet sad of past happiness, and enjoying a tranquil gratification which the youthful cannot realize.

Our misanthropical remark of Goethe was quite true of the generality of mankind when he penned. He said that each of us—the best as well as the worst—hides within him something, some being, some consciousness, which, if it were known, would make you hate him. More conscious than we have been to others, as well as to ourselves, of this spiritual depravity, had he reversed the proposition, and said with Shakspeare:

"There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

A VERY sensitive author, who is not destitute of literary merit, has hesitated out against four editors for what he calls contempt done to his character, and he dismisses the matter with the remark, "If the writers of the country can get into no way what to murder an innocent man's character, perhaps they had better leave him to enjoy what little value of the entire thing, and then say what they please about it.

Again, though he leaves himself better than all the world, your humble servant is not to be put down by any such sneers as these. He is ready, even to mortality, because he knows that they hold him to be immortal. Hence are the editors of the country, and in this, as in all things instantaneously the blood they have to lug from a critical vein.

WHERE the last week we have seen accounts of three persons who have died in a state of intoxication. We could almost increase the passage of a law, that every man who dies in a state of intoxication by the coroner given way, he himself shall be hung by one of the process, and that his body shall be buried.

MISCHIEVOUS is but another word for the fellow. Mischief, and wrong with, which a person is wilfully attributable to the blind goddess, to the face, to the stars, to anything but the right source. Such are the men who are the knaves and such which we accuse and make rogues of ourselves.

LAZINESS minds like pictures, are seen best at a distance. Many a man who is regarded as a genius is often considered—a process which is reversed by a close inspection. Such is the case with the literature of our time, that we generally undervalue our contemporaries, and overrate the ancients.

IN one of the Southern States of our Union, there is a man named Bowie, who is the proud possessor of the golden bar, thus there had been in three years between the birth of a child, and that of a dog, named Bow. The king all comes of taking a gallon at a drink.

WHEREAS each one of the many that be seldom addresses his fellow citizens from the rostrum, because he is afraid of his own shadow, and that he is afraid he is only upon the very rare occasions when he undertakes to speak in public.

WE once heard a partisan boast that his party was the party of progress, and that the other had not opposed, "a hundred acres and a hundred years." We never heard a party boast of the country, and the lips is running away with the spoils."

A PROMINENT member of Congress warns the people against the "spoils" of office. Some one says they have been "They will be glad to hear it. Some of them have got so much that they are afraid they will have to be taken away.

"MY dear madam, I am surprised at your taste in selecting such gaudiness as that for your bird." "My dear sir, I am equally astonished that you permit in wearing another shawl to wear such a coat as that."

MEN need not expect to receive the blessings of God for the asking. A rusty shield prayed to the sun, Oh, sun, shine me with thy rays, and I will reward thee with a bright polish.

AN ill-natured writer says that more than two-thirds of mankind are fools and five-sixths rats." We think it likely there is considerable truth in the latter statement, but we have our doubts about the former.

ARMS and five yielded to the temptation of calling what would give them knowledge. A great many of our readers will be glad to learn that we are not going to make such a mistake.

AN impertinent editor warns us that the bottle is not always to the strong. But this editor showed on a certain occasion that he was not strong, for he was the bottle of wine.

CERTAIN canting and sanctimonious hypocrite says he trembles daily that he is a man. His friends, if there are any friends of his, are not to be blamed for it.

MORALITY is keeping up appearances in this world without possessing the virtues which the vicious are at about being connected to the next.

THE man who does not improve frequently to be guessing at nature's insensitive and widens, and then extends, his comprehensive powers.

A PARTY of our friends, no longer ago than last night, were talking of the "spoils" of office. "What was the thing into the ground."

"I LOOK down upon you, sir." "Yes, you seem to be in a condition to look down for the sky, and feel upward to the earth."

"I AM sorry that your poor wife has gone to heaven." "Sorry! Why, sir, I am glad to hear your wife's husband gone there."

THE sublime and of the cloak of religion that it may be known sometimes by the *fine cap* it has in common time.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A CONSTANT of emigrants on their way to Oregon passed through Omaha, and the most singular case which might be termed a colony of rattlesnakes. The troublesome reptiles were found in considerable hard ways of them were of great size. Owing to the rigor of the cold, many of them were torpid, and thus rendered less than dangerous. The men fired upon and killed and wounded a number of them, which caused very great excitement. The noxious offensives which they exhaled made some members of the party sick for several days.

FREDERICK KNAB, the Parisian ambassador at Paris, has been ordered to return to his native country, and at the late of each of his shipmen. The effect of these sparkling literary productions will be to cause a great deal of laughter by gas light, and it is feared that the fashionable ladies of Paris will be in danger of losing their heads in consequence. Knab is a clipping fashion, notwithstanding he was born with a pair of shears in his hand.

THE Richmond Examiner has added a few days since at Atlanta, was said to be over one hundred and fifty years of age. He was a native of Africa, and came to this country in the days of slavery. He was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and has been in the army ever since. He was a soldier in the war of the Revolution, and has been in the army ever since.

THERE have been a great many wedding-cake bonbons started this season, and the fashionable world is getting ready for them by offering "premiums" and a "premium" to anybody and everybody who will furnish the cake. Look out for them!

AN old man nearly eighty years of age, named Reuben Nelson, living in Williamsburgh, has lived and to breach of promise by a young woman of that city. She had never been acting to him with such "fullness" to future.

IT is reported that gold has been found in large quantities in the northeastern section of Arizona Territory.

THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

"Who can tell a man what shall be after him under the sun?"
KING SOLOMON.

If there were any who could tell that tale,
Why should he wish to live?

Hush he not known
Enough of folly, vanity and wrong,
Enough of hollow trust, and fleeting joy,
To cast our memory willingly away?
With his clay vesture in the grave would I
"What shall be after him?"

Why, the same things
That were before him, vanquished purpose,
Blasted affection, and the wreck of hope.
Fond dreams we call our children, but not ours.
Knowledge that soared with him, and reaped his wind,
And Hope that scarcely in matter is the real.
Which bites the desert's sand, then flies.

The present then
Is what concerns them, Pilgrim!
Not an hour
But hath its sky-covering agencies,
Its faculties for good, its risk of sin,
Its chance for mercy, and its call for prayer.

The Present, lighted by the triumphant Past,
Let that suffice.

The Future is with God.

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER III.

Bearing her now insensible burden in her arms, Rachel staggered rather than walked on her way towards home, till she reached the foot of Westminster bridge, when the bitter recollection suddenly struck her that neither food, fire, or even light was to be found there; and what was still worse, that she was penniless, for George had taken the last shilling. In her despair and utter helplessness, she determined to beg, to implore the assistance of the passers by; and it is extraordinary how slight was the additional pang the resolution cost her pride, wounded as it was, and already yielded at once to the strong instinct of maternal love.

"All are not of iron," she murmured; "some will listen to me."

Despite her effort to repress them, the tears which had gathered in her eyes fell on her pale cheek, where its keen frost now fixed them, mixing its gems with those in a mother's breathing heart.

The object to whom the appalled and abhorrent herself was a tall, gentlemanly-looking man, enveloped in a large cloak. At all probability she would not have found courage to speak, had he not passed directly opposite the spot where she was standing to regard her.

"My child is dying!" she exclaimed, imploringly.

"Well!"

"Well!" repeated Rachel, in a tone of despair. "Well! I ask your pardon, sir. It was a foolish thought—a foolish one to suppose that a mother and her starving child could, on a night like this, excite a stranger's pity. I will not offend again."

"What is it you require?"

With a desperate effort she unhappy wife, and still more unhappy mother, faltered forth the word "charity!"

The appeal was answered by an insulting, triumphant laugh.

There was something so wild, so unnatural in the mirth which could sport with distress like hers, that Rachel looked up, fearing she had encountered a madman. A pair of dark, fiend-like eyes were glaring upon her with an expression of savage exultation. She recognized them in an instant, for they were the same that had haunted her girlhood's dreams, inspiring her with terror and aversion.

Mechanically she pronounced the name of "Caprun."

"Aye, Carus," repeated her cousin, with a bitter sneer. "I am glad you know me. I am not changed. None, the man whose love you have spurned and rejected, whose charity you are reduced to solicit. Well, it is some satisfaction to see the wife of George Denham a beggar. Do you look upon you," he added; "it is not often that I taste so keen a pleasure."

Overwhelmed with shame and fear, the trembling creature attempted to press the child to her breast, but Caprun, with a sigh, for with the recovery of Mary, all her fears for the safety of her child returned.

"Bad," replied her kind friend, "but not hopeless. He will come, he said he would for it; but I must not find you absent."

"I will depart at once," said Rachel, seriously.

"You will find fire, light, and food," said Mrs Tuttle, "and part of the mutton will be extremely agreeable. There, I want no words; I know all that you would say. The servant will carry the child for you. Good night, Mr Caprun," or rather good morning, for the new year has commenced already. May it prove a happier, a more happily one for you than the past."

With this kind wish she hastened the departure of her visitor; not that she felt so anxious to get rid of her as to avoid a repetition of thanks and expressions of gratitude which really distressed her to listen to, for it was one of her maxims that charity bestowed from motives of self-interest and for the empty gratification of hearing oneself praised.

The little woman was right. Would there were more like her in the world.

When Rachel entered her cottage, she gazed around her: the past appeared like some painful dream, till reflection convinced her of the reality. The fire that burnt cheerfully in the grate, seemed to mock the sadness of her heart. Involuntarily she turned towards the trundle bed Richard used to occupy, but it was empty. She had a thousand times rather have found her son there than not, but late, as she had quitted it, and have seen him sleeping there, have received his affectionate kiss, and heard his kind good-night.

Still she did not abandon herself to despair. He might return. Kneeling by the vacant couch, she poured forth a mother's hopes and fears in prayer.

The clock had struck eight before Rachel could make his appearance, so completely under the influence of the knowledge drought, which takes the coarser prisoner, leaves manhood a wreck, and mind a blank, that he could only rest into a chair, where he sat gazing vacantly, first at the fire, and then at the woman whose happiness he had destroyed.

Rachel tried to speak to him, but the words died on her lips, and she felt a sickening sensation approaching to disgust, creeping over her, as she contemplated the ruin dissipation had worked in his once manly form and intellectual feature.

It is a dangerous moment when such feelings rise in the heart of a wife; love, and that which is

THE HUSBAND'S HOME.

true. Don't stare so, Mrs. Hoffman, you frighten me; you—run!!!"

The hope of escaping the degrading exposure her persecutor had threatened her with, imparted a momentary strength to the trembling limbs of Rachel, and a mother's love added speed to her flight as she rapidly disappeared in the direction of her home.

Jack Sanders was not slow to follow; still he gallantly kept behind, determined, as they rule, to prevent her being overtaken. Several times he repeated to himself, "Only for begging! only for begging!" Had it been for thieving, doubtless he could have understood it.

Instead of returning to her wretched home, Rachel Hoffman, in the hope of obtaining assistance for her child, made the best of her way to the house of a neighbor, who kept a tobacconist's shop in the York road. She was a kind-hearted little woman, and had frequently procured the unhappy mother employment at her needle.

Mrs. Tuttle sat just thinking of shutting up, when Rachel staggered rather than walked into the shop, with little Mary in her arms.

A fever, or an instant, had let brown of the mistress of the place; but no sooner did she gaze on the pale, careworn features of her visitor, than it gave place to an expression of benevolent interest. She comprehended that it was weakness and not drink which caused the broken-hearted mother to totter beneath her burden.

"Come into the parlor," she said, "sit down. What is the matter?"

When anything like an emergency occurred the speaker was a woman of few words.

"Dead!" sobbed the victim, as she threw back the shawl which concealed her child. "Dead with cold and hunger—dead in the streets. I begged—begged," she added, with a fresh burst of sorrow, "but no one would listen to my prayer."

Her hearer felt inexpressibly shocked. Her first care, however, was to take the infant in her arms, and commence chafing its half-frozen limbs; her next to ring the bell and summon her niece—a child of her own age, who lived with her as a companion and assistant, to warm some milk. By the time it was ready, the little sufferer showed signs of returning animation, and was soon eagerly partaking of the food her tenderness had prepared for her.

Mrs. Tuttle was not the person to perform a kind action by halves. But to complete her act of benevolence it was necessary she should be informed of everything; and she set about obtaining the requisite information in her usual business-like manner.

Having first rocked her charge to sleep, she wrapped her carefully in a warm blanket, and placed her in the armor of her mother, who was far more likely to converse rationally, she considered, with her reserved tenants resided against her heart; her next care was to send her servant with food and other necessaries to the cottage in the Horsedorn road; that done, she gradually drew from her orphan a narrative of all that had taken place. When we say all, we must except the story of the work-bee: Rachel could not humiliate the father of her children by relating that.

"Oh, those men—these men!" exclaimed her hearer, when she had concluded; "if by them or there are troublesome at times, what must the bad ones be?—eh! that I have any reason to complain," she added. "You must be firm, Mrs. Hoffman, very firm. I should like to catch Mr. Tuttle coming home drunk every night—it would be a night—and plunging me in poverty and distress!"

Now this is the very thing the unhappy wife would have bled to catch her husband at; so it must be set down as no little proof of her confidence in the generous disposition of George Hoffman.

"As for Richard," she continued, "I have no fear of him, though you are quite right to remove him from the neighborhood as speedily as possible. Richard is honest."

"To young and in the streets at such an hour!" observed his mother, with a sigh, for with the recovery of Mary, all her fears for the safety of her child returned.

"Bad," replied her kind friend, "but not hopeless. He will return, he said he would for it; but I must not find you absent."

"I will depart at once," said Rachel, seriously.

"You will find fire, light, and food," said Mrs Tuttle, "and part of the mutton will be extremely agreeable. There, I want no words; I know all that you would say. The servant will carry the child for you. Good night, Mr Caprun," or rather good morning, for the new year has commenced already. May it prove a happier, a more happily one for you than the past."

With this kind wish she hastened the departure of her visitor; not that she felt so anxious to get rid of her as to avoid a repetition of thanks and expressions of gratitude which really distressed her to listen to, for it was one of her maxims that charity bestowed from motives of self-interest and for the empty gratification of hearing oneself praised.

The little woman was right. Would there were more like her in the world.

When Rachel entered her cottage, she gazed around her: the past appeared like some painful dream, till reflection convinced her of the reality. The fire that burnt cheerfully in the grate, seemed to mock the sadness of her heart. Involuntarily she turned towards the trundle bed Richard used to occupy, but it was empty. She had a thousand times rather have found her son there than not, but late, as she had quitted it, and have seen him sleeping there, have received his affectionate kiss, and heard his kind good-night.

Still she did not abandon herself to despair. He might return. Kneeling by the vacant couch, she poured forth a mother's hopes and fears in prayer.

The clock had struck eight before Rachel could make his appearance, so completely under the influence of the knowledge drought, which takes the coarser prisoner, leaves manhood a wreck, and mind a blank, that he could only rest into a chair, where he sat gazing vacantly, first at the fire, and then at the woman whose happiness he had destroyed.

Rachel tried to speak to him, but the words died on her lips, and she felt a sickening sensation approaching to disgust, creeping over her, as she contemplated the ruin dissipation had worked in his once manly form and intellectual feature.

It is a dangerous moment when such feelings rise in the heart of a wife; love, and that which is

CHAPTER IV.

Although the iron tongue of night had all but told the birth of morning, our readers will please to recollect that New Year's eve is not quite over yet. We must also request them to quit London for awhile, as many are only too happy to do at this festive season, and accompany us to a quiet, out-of-the-way village in Devonshire, named St. Faith's, lying at a considerable distance from the high road, somewhere between Plymouth and Exeter.

St. Faith's consists of one irregular street, if indeed, it may be called a street, seeing that the houses are surrounded by large gardens, or orchards, and all built in a line, running parallel with the lofty wall of Meldrum Park.

Owing to the industry and simple habits of the people, there is but little appearance of poverty in this village.

Sir Norman Boothroyd, the present owner of Meldrum, and most of the land in the neighborhood, inherited the title and estate from his uncle, an eccentric old bachelor, who previous to his death granted long and very advantageous leases, not only to the principal tenants, but to the poorest cottier on the property, as act of liberality very much to the dissatisfaction of his heir, who disapproved of the spirit of independence which the bounty naturally fell.

Sir Norman, at the time of his accession to the title, Sir Norman bestowed his hand, together with his pride of birth, upon a woman every way suited to him, for the lady not only echoed his prejudices, but kept them alive, especially those against his wife's connexion. Alas, by very apparent as well mind could suggest.

The only issue of this well-matched union was a daughter, now ten years old. Sir Norman and his lady would have given worlds for a son; but their blessing was denied them, and little Alice was destined to be the heiress of their vast wealth. How frequently do we see certain qualities, mental as well as personal, disappear for several generations in a race, and then shoot forth again. Sir Hal was in the present instance, for never was child more like her sire. Whereas, a very ordinary boy, but beautiful: the bounce of pride and selfishness, daily exhibited, made no impression upon her pure and innocent heart. It was incapable of receiving them. To her mother's great annoyance, when riding with her through the village, she would smile and look kindly on the children of her own age, when they paused in their play and curtsied as the stately equipage dashed by them; not that she had been purposely disobeyed her parent's the smiles broke forth in spite of her efforts to repress them, and were as spontaneous as the warmth of spring, or the perfume of its opening flowers.

About three years before the commencement of our story, Mr. Thornton, a wealthy manufacturer from Exeter, had purchased an estate not more than five miles distant from Meldrum Park, called Fern Hill, and came to reside on it with his family.

For some time the harmest stood aloof, and debated making the acquaintance of his new neighbor; the blood of the descendant of the herald of Cressy and Poitiers was of extravagance, we have not time to sift the climbers of all Sir Norman's ancestors—revolted at the idea of contact with a man who had risen to fortune by his own unassisted energy and industry. The stern aristocrat was too completely frozen by pride for such condescension to draw it, although others of a less honorable character did eventually. Mr. Thornton was put on the commission of the peace, and proved not only an active, but a judicious magistrate; for while he followed the law, and convicted in every case that was proved, he always exercised as much mercy as a nominal fine for shooting the game, or for trespass. He considered the exclusive rights claimed by the lord of the manor as exceedingly doubtful; and in answer to his remonstrances on the subject of his *absent lady*, advised him to try the question.

Sir Norman knew himself better. He persuaded himself it would be much easier to flatter and cajole the upright magistrate by condescending to invite him to Meldrum Park. He was delivered. Mr. Thornton accepted his attentions, and returned them, as a matter of course; but they had no influence upon his conduct on the bench: that was as impartial as ever.

As our readers may suppose, no great cordiality could exist between two such opposite characters. The harvest still continued to invite his plebeian neighbor, because it would have been an achievement of his mortification and hall have his invalid, had he ceased to do so without some amiable cause; but he had long since given up the hope of converting the independent, right-thinking man to his opinions.

Half a dozen persons were seated in the drawing-room at Meldrum, without counting the son of Mr. Thornton, a fine spirited boy of thirteen, or the daughter of the owner of the mansion. The party consisted of Sir Norman and his lady; Dr. Pomfret the rector, a high clanchman, and his wife; a wealthy, well-meaning, but ignorant squire, known throughout the shire by the name of Sporting Blundell; and the proprietor of "The Elms." The usual topics of conversation in the country were exhausted. The clergyman was eloquent, as usual, on the growing immorality of the peasantry, not that we believe they were more so than their neighbors; the harvest had ridden its favorite bobby-horse, poaching, till it was tired out; and Lady Boothroyd echoed his sentiments till she had nothing more to say.

As for the squire, he never started a subject for small talk, but invariably astonished with the last speaker, a peculiarity which, despite his prejudices on the game laws, may account for his frequently astonishing with his brother magistrate, Mr. Thornton, in his decisions.

"Now Year's day," observed Mrs. Poundfret; "no doubt but there will be the usual scenes of noise and dissipation, the bonfire and ringing of bells."

"I have forbidden the bonfire," said Sir Norman, pompously.

"And my husband forbade the ringing of the bells," added the lady angrily; "the church is so near the rectory there is no ringing for them; just that wretched man, farmer Minter, whom the parish elected churchwarden, insisted upon it as a right, and threatened to appeal to the bishop."

"Shocking!" said the rector.

"Very shocking, indeed!" echoed Lady Boothroyd.

"And ungrateful," continued Mrs. Poundfret; "for the rector actually received him in the library, and asked him to sit down whilst he explained his objections."

"I trust, my love," said her husband, mildly, "that I shall always act with Christian humility and charity, even to the most ignorant and worthless of my fellow creatures."

"But Minter is neither ignorant nor worthless," observed Mr. Thornton, somewhat warmly; "on the contrary, I have found him a man of sound, practical sense, and unquestionable integrity."

"Have you, indeed, my dear sir, such enormous opinions!" exclaimed his host. "The fellow is a radical, I'll be bound. How could you go to the man yourself more with the feelings and ideas becoming a gentleman? You have exposed extraordinary extraordinary!"

"Most extraordinary!" said her indolphy.

"Well, I think it is very extraordinary," observed Squire Blundell, who, as we stated before, generally had his say after the last speaker.

"Perhaps it is because I have *acquired* it that I do not perceive it," said Mr. Thornton, somewhat seriously, for he perfectly understood the covert sneer.

"Had you *acquired* your estate from your forefathers, you would think differently," added his host, contemptuously, "and not have to boast."

"Very differently, indeed," repeated his echo.

"Perhaps I should, Sir Norman," answered Mr. Thornton, beginning to feel slightly nettled at the ignorance of his remarks; "but I purchased it fairly with the fruits of my honest industry—the labor of my hands and head. Meldrom, I am aware, was obtained from your ancestors by one of the dark barism and bloodshed, for military service. My title-deeds are more recent, and therefore clearer. The brain," he added, complacently, "is as honorable as the hand, and I trust will be duly estimated in their way." Then, looking at his watch, he observed that it was late, and requested his son to ring for his carriage.

Sir Norman Boothroyd rang the bell himself. "Where is the boy?" he inquired of the astonished William.

"It is time," answered his father, seriously.

"New Year's eve, too?" added the boy.

"Yes, and you must remember," said Mary, darting from the table, where she had been playing at some childish game with her young companion, and coloring high at her father's reproof, "I have not won once yet," she added, pouting; "it is unkind to leave me alone."

"Very ungallant of him, indeed," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

In a few minutes the carriage was announced—a cold farewell taken of Sir Norman Boothroyd and his lady, and the party left to the society of their wife, who, with all their prejudices and proclivities, was certainly the very excellent people they were—and so encouragingly cordial one of Squire Blundell, who seemed quite unconscious that anything unpleasant had taken place.

In a short time the rest of the guests took their leave, and the family were left to enjoy a quiet evening.

By most persons the mildness of Meldrom Park would have been voted a bore; spiritless society, and more unworthy in her family. They did not know the value of peace.

It was a bright moonlight night, and the snow lying crisply on the ground, when Mr. Thornton and his son brought the evening to a conclusion by their return to "The Elms." As his father did not require his assistance for conversation, Arthur amused himself by looking through the window at the carriage lamps, as they gradually sank as they passed it on the road.

Elsewhere, he had seen but little to attract his attention. Save the scarcely-looking persons, and several labourers, the former well wrapped up in greatcoats, the latter in their usual attire, hastening to the only inn in the place, to drink themselves into forgetfulness of the cares of the young men who were singing in front of the house of entertainment.

"They must be very fond of music," thought the boy, "to stand singing there on a cold, frosty night like this! I wonder if they are merry?"

He forgot that the farmer had three pretty daughters! Had he remembered it, he would, every year or two older, the probability is, he would have come to a different conclusion.

"There goes Old Blount!" he exclaimed aloud, as they passed a small but neat cottage. "It must be a merry party there, for all the lights are up."

The person thus familiarly designated, is too important a character not to merit a particular introduction to our readers.

Simon Gee, or, as every one familiarly called him, old Simon, was the only handy-man, sexton and principal bell-ringer in the village. The first was his calling, the means whereby he lived, and being not only an expert artizan, but an exceedingly honest man, he naturally stood high in the confidence of the farmers' wives, whose homespun thread he conveyed into good, strong household cloth, the name of the inhabitants, unless those of the hall or rectory, ever thought of purchasing linen; such an extravagance was unheard of at

St. Faith's. The second was his lobby, the engrossing pleasure of his life, his relaxation from toil; never did he feel so happy or important as in the lobby, with his brother chappie, ready to communicate a triple bob-major, the honest execution of which he looked upon as a sort of moral duty, a thing no revised to be trifled with.

Simon Gee entertained a kind of hereditary respect for his better half. She was the daughter of the inner bell—the man to whose rope he had succeeded—and they lived very happily together in fact, he had never known but one great sorrow, occasioned by the wild conduct of a younger brother, whom he had trained, Barsy Gee deemed bell-ringing and weaving; but, to make amends, he had a double taste for pushing, a weakness which had frequently brought him in contact not only with the keepers of Sir Norman Boothroyd, but with the judicial bench. Many a fine had Simon paid for him out of his hard earnings; and, in all probability, would have continued to pay, for he loved the scapegrace dearly, had not a threat of prosecution from the baronet compelled the offender to compromise it by consenting to enlist in a regiment bound for India.

It was years since he had heard of him.

On the eve of all the great festivals of the year, Simon was the first to repair to the belfry and see that everything was in readiness for his brother ringers; it was a labor of love with him, and his peculiarity in this respect was so well known, that it explains William Thornton's exclamation, when he encountered him, of,

"There goes Old Simon. It must be nearly twelve o'clock."

Having lit the candles in the iron sconces fixed in the walls of the belfry, and seen that the stove was cool, Simon descended from the tower of the church—a building in the early Tudor style, erected before the cause of ecclesiastical reform had ordered the chaste severity of its proportions. The old sexton found himself upon the outer staircase of the edifice, to scrub the arrival of the worshipers, for it was a high festival—Christmas—and cast anxious looks towards the road; it was nearly time they made their appearance. He intended to be felt scrupulous. Cutter, the lad, had decided weakness for ale—this gave him serious misgivings; the others he had no reason to doubt upon.

"His head will be unsteady," he thought, "even if he comes to time." That any one could think of ale with such a serious duty as the one before them to perform, was more than he could understand.

Here comes the first one," he exclaimed, joyously, as he descried the tall figure of a man walking rapidly up the path leading to the churchyard. "No," he added, after a pause, "it's only a clerk, and no use but the rector or Sir Norman has such a thing in his Family."

Presently the stranger shouted out his name.

"Who are ye?" muttered Simon.

The cry was repeated.

"Here!" answered the belfryman.

The person who had called out, was marched with a military step through the churchyard; his figure so completely enveloped in the cloak that it was impossible to recognize him by that. He wore heavy moustaches and beard; the rest of his features were partially hid by a muffler.

For several moments these two persons, so widely different in appearance, looked at each other in silence. The belfryman was the first to speak.

"Were you seeking me?" he demanded, with surprise.

"Whom else should I seek?" replied the stranger, proudly.

The sound of his voice caused Simon to tremble, as if it had awakened some long dormant echo in his heart; he peered at him earnestly from under the peak of his cap, but the features seemed totally unknown to him.

"What a fool I am," he muttered; "always fancying strange things."

"Is there anything strange," said the man in the cloak, "that the sound of my voice startles you?"

"It can't be," exclaimed the old man, in the tone of one who felt ashamed of his weakness; "the chilling evidence of his eyes and ears: "and yet I can almost swear to the voice."

"And where did you take it for?"

"My brother's."

"Right!"

"Barsy" almost shrieked the weaver, at the same time opening his arms and tottering, rather than walking, towards him.

The soldier pronounced the name of Simon, and the long-separated brothers fell locked in each other's cordial embrace.

"It's New Year's Eve," added the wanderer, "and I knew that I should find you here."

"Yes," answered Simon, "and you've been better bless me," he continued, startled by a philosophic cry when came from beneath the large military cloak worn by his brother—"I have got a child!"

Barsy Gee threw back the folds of his garment, and discovered an infant, about seven years old, whom he had held all the while their conversation had lasted, closely covered up and guarded from the night air. It was a girl.

He said something to it in Hindostanee, and the helpless little creature looked up in his face and smiled.

"Why, I declare it is a child!" exclaimed Simon.

"You didn't suppose it was a tiger, did you?" demanded the brother.

"Pretty creature! pretty creature!" continued the bell-ringer, without heeding the question "but what are you going to do with it?"

"What do you mean by do with it?"

"Where did you get it? Find it?"

"Find it!" repeated Barsy, with a hearty laugh at his brother's simplicity; "do you imagine that babies spring up like mushrooms after a shower of rain? But you don't understand these things," he added; "you should open and shut your eyes."

"But I am not an old bachelor," interrupted Simon, with great dignity. "I have been married these six years to Hester Appleyard. It still wears the surname to twelve. Give me the baby. I'll take it to Hester, and tell her you are come to visit Walt here, and when the ringers arrive, say I shall be back directly."

"If that's all, I'll put the clock back," replied Barsy, as Simon quitted the room.

The latter drew from his pocket contrived in the lining of his vest a small packet, which he contemplated with an air of satisfaction for several seconds, and was about to return it, when some idea suddenly struck him.

"It will be safer there," he muttered, "after all."

With these enigmatical words, he entered the belfry, a place he was evidently well acquainted with, and put back the handle of the stove.

As he descended he heard the voices of the ringers calling for his brother; they had arrived during his absence, and were evidently much astonished at not finding him at his post.

"Simon will be back in an instant," he said.

Several of the men stared at him, wondering what a stranger had been doing in the tower, and still more at the non-appearance of the lower bell, or "Old Punctuality," as they facetiously called him.

"Why, it is just on the stroke of twelve," observed one of the men.

"So, it wants nine minutes, at least," replied the soldier, with difficulty repressing a laugh at the trick he had served them.

Watches were looked at and compared, the ringers could not make it out.

"Nine minutes!" repeated the tone; "we might have stayed another pint."

"That you might, Tom," observed the stranger.

Astonished at hearing himself addressed by name, the man walked up to the utterance. He could add no more.

"What will become of Barsy's child?" observed one of the bell-ringers, when Simon had informed of the fact of his bringing one all the way from India with him.

"We will all help it!" exclaimed a dozen voices.

"Thank you!" faltered the bereaved brother, "I shall remember you all in my will. Barsy, I shall drink of my cup and eat of my bread. The means it is true, are scanty," he added; "but Sir Norman does him free of rent."

A deep "Amen!" broke from the lips of those who heard him.

CHAPTER V.

Never in the memory of that greatly talked-of personage, the oldest inhabitant of the place, had so much excitement been witnessed in St. Faith's, as was occasioned by the visit of the rector, the keeper, and the unlikely soldier clan within an hour of each other, to the cottage of Simon Gee, with the words "welcome home!" ringing in his ears from the group of friendship upon his door. It is true there had frequently been disturbances before; rough contests with the game-keepers, bruises received and given on one occasion, but not but this time the contest had ended in death. Blood had been spilled, and the cry for vengeance loudest man.

Horror and excitement were not the only feelings actually experienced. Deep sympathy with poor old Simon—for the helpless child, thus cast upon him, for the sudden blighting of expectations the lord of the manor for the part he had taken in the affair, were mingled with these; and also, so, for the exclusive right of Sir Norman Boothroyd to the sporting over the common were questioned by the mob, and for the first time, by gentlemen had been sanctioned, two humble homes murder.

Mr. Thornton and Squire Blundell. As the former was the chief magistrate in the place, he had not long to wait before the crowd assembled, and among others,

CHAPTER VI.

Meanwhile we doubt not but our readers feel somewhat impatient to learn what had become of the hero of our tale. As the feeling is too natural to be longer trifled with, we shall at once proceed to inform them.

As the cab, into which he had been partly persuaded and partly forced to enter, drove rapidly through the streets, Richard soon ceased to recognize the direction in which they were going, it being evidently a part of the town he was unacquainted with. Several times he thought of calling for assistance, or attempting the escape; but the scorching gray eyes of his companion, who watched his every movement, restrained him; and yet there was nothing unkind either in his looks or words; at times he even fancied he could detect glances of kindness and compassion from beneath his lonely eyebrows.

"Where are you taking me to, sir?" he at last demanded. "Oh, this will cause my mother to die with grief!"

"I am asking for your good," replied the gentleman, mildly. "The line of duty is not always the most pleasant one, but it leads to happiness in the end."

Nothing further passed on either side till the vehicle drew up in front of a handsome mansion in one of the squares. Lights were seen from the drawing-room window, and the sounds of music heard. Richard looked up with surprise. He imagined that his conductor was taking him to some dreaded grocery place, with base associates and base intention, perhaps to murder him—for he had heard of such things—instead of which it appeared to him a palace.

A servant, in plain but handsome livery, came to the door of the cab.

"Send your master to me," said the gentleman. The man disappeared, and in a few moments the owner of the house came to him. A long and somewhat animated conversation ensued, in a language quite new to Richard here placed, and he had no possessed them, to understand. At the conclusion, he was directed to descend; and the servant he hesitated, but the stern, determined voice, the motioned him on. His sense of duty to his mother was awaked him, decided his obedience, and he walked between the two gentlemen into the house, passed through a hall crowded with servants, and stared inquiringly after him; for his dress, though scrupulously clean, bore all the marks of poverty.

At last his conductor stopped at a side door, which the master of the house himself went in and entered.

"Walk," he said, in a kindly tone, "till I have lit the gas."

In less time than it has taken us to describe it, our hero found himself seated with the gentleman in a comfortably-furnished apartment, the walls of which were covered with shelves filled with books and maps, shelves filled with the cases labeled, and small bookcases.

Richard had never before been in a lawyer's office, or he must at once have recognized the peculiar features of his place; but he looked around him with a bewildered air. No wonder that he did so; the subsidence of the excitement had have puzzled an older head and clearer brain than his to comprehend them.

"I have already told you the circumstances under which I found this boy," observed the old man, breaking the silence. "You will remember in the morning whether his tale be true or false. Not that I doubt it," he added, with a sigh, "but there must be no error on this subject."

"Certainly—just so," assented the gentleman.

"If true," resumed the speaker, "explain to him my intentions in his favor. I shall be at home to-morrow," he added, "certain that he will be kindly treated, and carefully watched to prevent escape."

"The is grocery," exclaimed the boy, compassionately. "By what right, sir, do you detain me from my parents?"

"You hear him, Morton," said the man whom he regarded as his persecutor.

"At least I know the name of one of you!" observed Richard Hoffman.

"I have interrupted the gentleman whom he had just heard addressed by the name of Morton; "the right you question is not that of the strong against the weak, but of justice against one accused of crime."

"I am innocent!"

"That can only be proved by a public trial," observed the lawyer; "and before trial comes the prison and its accustoming influence, its shame and stain. This is a dangerous path to appear your last vicelry, and do not attempt to disappoint the officer of your friends."

"Friends!" repeated Richard, in a contemptuous tone; "I have them not. I am in your hands; so you act by me, so heaven will judge you."

"Amen," said the old man, in a fervent tone; and without another word he motioned to the boy to leave.

For some time after his departure Mr. Morton regarded his new acquaintance in silence. He was naturally a kindly disposed man, and his future also of a family—and the frank, open countenance of the youth pleased and interested him. Hinging the bell, he ordered the servant who answered it to bring a tray with refreshment, and to prepare a room for the unexpected visitor.

"*At the top of the house*," he added, as the man replied that the room was ready for use.

"You are tired," he said, as soon as our hero had done justice to the good things set before him. "In the morning we will speak further together, and anything I can do, consistently with my word to my office, who is a most estimable person, and somewhat singular man, to relieve your anxiety respecting your mother and sister, I will."

There was something in the voice as well as the words of the speaker which convinced his hearer that he was speaking truthfully, and he looked up to his face and fearlessly smiled.

That smile, or rather meaning, Richard Hoffman slept in a luxurious bed for the first time in his life, or rather, of which he had only rested in one; for it was long, very long, ere sleep closed his aching eyelids; and when it came at last, pale faces haunted his troubled dreams and fearful eyes seemed watching him.

More than once he turned upon his pillow, and murmured the names of "Mother—Mary."

We must now take leave of Richard, and return to the house where his absence was so deeply mourned.

George Hoffman had sufficiently recovered from his fit of drunkenness to retire to the inner room of the outer shop; and his wife and child, overjoyed from mental as well as bodily suffering, and weary watchfulness of the night, was engaged in preparing breakfast for herself and Mary, when a cab drew up at the door.

The mother's first thought was of her son, and she sprang to open it, fondly believing some kind, pitying hand had led the lost one back to her.

An involuntary sigh of disappointment escaped her as she recognized her last friend, Peter Maclaglen, whom, at any other time, she would have rejoiced to meet.

"Why, Rachel," said the old man, somewhat mortified, "you don't seem very glad to see me, and yet I have called at considerable inconvenience, thinking you might require my aid. It was not my fault that I was from home," he added, "you know I take but few holidays."

There was something so we-begone, so utterly wretched in the look with which she regarded him, that Peter's heart responded him for having spoken unkindly. Something dreadful, he saw, had taken place; and, telling the driver to wait, he entered the cottage. It was the first time he had visited it, and its neatness, desolate appearance met a chill through his frame.

"What has occurred?" he asked, as soon as Mrs. Hoffman had seated herself.

"Ill!" said her visitor.

"Richard!" murmured Rachel; "lost to me, I fear, forever."

It was not without considerable difficulty, for the narrative was broken by tears and sobs, that the clerk drew from her the sad story of Richard's disappearance, and her own unhappiness.

"Bad," he said, "very bad, but not hopeless. Nothing is lost in London, if people only go the right way about recovering it; we will soon find the boy again, and as for that rascal, Caron, I never regretted till the moment that I refused a share in the firm."

"Speak not of the wretch," replied the anxious mother; it is of Richard I am thinking; were he only brought safe home to me, no more would I murmur."

The words were interrupted by the appearance of a neighbor, a bustling, ignorant, but well-meaning woman, who had heard of the disappearance of our hero.

"O, Mrs. Hoffman!" she exclaimed, "and no-ws and cries!"

Rachel turned, if possible, paler than before.

"I am fear'd for you," added the speaker, "you had terrible enough with my own children, but nothing to equal yours."

Do speak out, said the old clerk, impatiently; "you are more provoking than a bankruptcy. I have understood that the boy is missing, and a blot intention, and did not understand being addressed so harshly.

"Well, then, I got it all out of that young rascal, *Jack Sanders*; he is at the bottom of every mischief."

"You are killing her," interrupted Peter Maclaglen.

"Richard has been taken up for picking pockets!"

Rachel uttered a piercing scream, and fell senseless from her chair.

Terrified at the sight, little Mary began to cry bitterly, and call to father that mamma was dying. The noise roused the half-sobered husband from his sleep, and he came staggering into the room with a bewildered air. At the sight of his wife, he fancied he started back, feeling the full force of his reproaches, being sent out of his sight.

"What's she the matter?" he demanded, rushing his blood-shot eyes.

"She is grieved about you as the inanimate form of his wife.

"For heaven's sake, explain!" added the wretched man.

"You have murdered her!" pronounced the old man, solemnly; "driven your boy to theft—to shame—to a prison! George, George! are there no hopes I once entertained of you left?"

The guilty husband threw himself by the side of the insensible form of his unhappy wife; he placed her to look up to them him, but with a look of such deep humiliation and remorse that even her misery, then called frantically upon his son whom his misconduct had urged to crime.

It was a fearful scene. The iron of remorse had entered into the very heart of the drunkard, and wrenched the only part of it left to him. He had left unscrupled—the love he still felt for his wife and children.

"It's no use howling now the mischief's done," bluntly observed the woman who had called in the fatal intelligence. "The only comfort you can bring her is sense and good type. I know what a mother's feelin's is. Poor thing—poor thing!" she added, kneeling by her side, and chafing her cold hands between hers.

Slowly the sufferer unclosed her eyes, and gazed around her as she encountered the looks of her husband, when a convulsive shudder ran through her frame, and she relapsed into insensibility. In the sense of misery returned with the sight of him who had occasioned it.

George Hoffman caught up his hat and rushed, like a madman, from the cottage, resolved to search London over till he found the object of all his sin.

Peter Maclaglen looked around him for an instant, with an air of utter helplessness. In the intensity of his feelings, even the city, the astonishment and bewilderment his absence would cause in the office, were forgotten, everything but the state of Rachel. He could not leave her in that distress, and the child who had sat a hundred times upon his knee, he knew, would never be restored to her if not frequently welcomed him in her father's home; no-body mind was made up, and he proceeded to act at once. He had only looked upon Rachel Hoffman as only as a great moral, but business-like virtue.

With the assistance of the neighbor, who was not quite forgiven his pronouncing her more prudent than the bankruptcy, he wrapped the sufferer in a sheet, and deposited her safely in the cab, placed Mary beside her, got in himself, and ordered the driver to proceed to Islington.

The housekeeper at Ledger Cottage—the name of Peter Maclaglen's residence—was somewhat surprised when the cab once more drove up to the door. Seeing a female in it, her suspicions were confirmed; and she hastened, as she thought, to receive her mistress.

"Is Mrs. Maclaglen indisposed, "you have brought her home?"

"Of course I have. Take the child."

"Child!" repeated the astonished Mrs. Lawrence. "Well!"

"What is the woman staring at!" demanded her master, as he placed Mary in her arms. "Get the room ready; I expect the doctor di-rectly."

The respectable old lady felt more and more puzzled to comprehend the affair; which, in her private opinion began to wear rather an ugly appearance, although she cheerfully obeyed her master was really unwell.

Rachel was soon able, she asked him, demurely, if she could assist Mrs. Maclaglen?"

"Mrs. what?" cried the astonished Peter.

"Mrs. Maclaglen, sir."

"You are a fool, Mrs. Lawrence," solemnly pronounced her master; "there is no such being either in sex or in name."

This was the only comfort on which Peter had ever been known to tamper with the Latin tongue, which, truth to say, he looked upon with greater suspicion than even on railroad bonds or other questionable securities.

"I don't know about her being a pose," re-torted the angry housekeeper, "but it's my belief she is no better than she should be."

"Few of us are," observed the old gentleman, sarcastically; "*few of us are*."

Removing the scarcely conscious Rachel from the carriage, he bore her, with the assistance of the driver, into the house, Mrs. Lawrence following, overwhelmed with confusion at the ridiculous error into which she had fallen. To make amends for it—like many a well-meaning person—she began to busy herself by attending to her unexpected guest, when she succeeded in getting to bed before the arrival of the physician, who was still in the chamber of his patient when Mr. Bentley arrived, and, after a brief personal account of his confidential clerk, cashier, and friend.

"I grieve to say that he has absconded, as he entered the little parlor, where the former was impatiently awaiting the result of the medical man.

"Ill! No," replied Peter, tartly.

His employer regarded him with surprise.

"Yes, I am ill," added the irritated clerk—"sick at heart; and all through you, Richard. I ought to be—but no matter, you have cause. I was a fool I did-it."

This last had occurred to excite the humor in quired the merchant.

What has occurred?" repeated the chief. "What has not occurred, and all through your unforgiving temper! Your daughter Rachel, the child of your love, your chosen one in the city, our last night reduced to beg for charity. And whom by your haughty pride and cruel harshness drove to the heartless wounded not only bade her starve, but heaped reproaches and insult on her innocent child!"

"The ruffian! But my child! my suffering child!"

"She is here, Richard, here, under my roof, and I thank heaven that they are only loving and devoted. *Only* one thanks that every thought, feeling and intention of my heart—and of wife should be subservient to the one in whose heart it reigns; but now they are ever disinterested, and sharp-eyed for the good of others.

My husband and I went in our little home, and for a while all was hushed as happy as we feared.

But a cloud soon arose in my sky. My husband had taken into a young lad named Robert Lee, who had been serving under a violent and harsh master, and among comparison who were a great injury to him. He was a fine stately, brave of age, a rough, cross-grained, snarling, homely boy, to whom I felt a great interest. Now I had always known that James was very anxious to be able to get him away from the place where he was so ill used and unhappy, and where he could hardly help growing worse and worse each day he lived. My husband's kindness of heart, and his love and affection, made me his confidant in this regard. He told me he intended to undertake a single deed, and as dogs an interest in the fatherless and homeless boy, and thoroughly inquire into his character, and had therefore poured out to me all his anxieties and intentions for "poor Robin," as he almost always styled the lad. Generally, while I heard James talk, I felt, to a certain degree, as he did, but I could not feel much interest in the boy after my interest in him vanished. There was nothing either amiable or lovable in his character, and I gratitude for all the kindness heaped on him by his master. But I soon mentioned to James.

"Oh! he is too young to realize anything about the value to me of what little money I am able to spare for him; and then with such a feeling of gratitude as he has had—poor boy! 'tis no wonder that he should be so dense. *If my own Edward* were to bear he crimes that he is had I been put through for his sake, and treatment as from a mere help, he has had. It has given me a heart-ache of years, to be obliged to see, and unable to prevent all that he has undergone, but unfortunate child. But please God, an end shall soon be put to it. As soon as I am settled, my love, he shall come to us. Home—poor child! he has forgotten what it is to have that by; but we will show him by kindness, and yet ourselves to making a civilized being of him."

James never made much reply to such observations, trusting in my good fortune to arrest from me the benevolent feeling. Rather to his surprise, he had not been married a month when James told me he intended to send for him—that he had consulted with Reiter's master, that the boy was to have him the coming Saturday, and come home to us.

"I have secured him a good place for the summer months, and my husband is to have him in the autumn I shall send him to school. I mean to give him a good education."

I was made so sanguy and unhappy by the information that I could not answer my husband a word.

"Bringing that great impudent clown of a boy here for Edward to—well no! I shall be myself; I shall be work'mind a word we say to him, for he makes me nervous. It's not right, James, and you must let me feel like it. That's all the thanks *he* gets for all the love he has given to Edward. I'll go and see him."

"Suppose that this case were reversed—that you were an orphan, and had one poor young brother, the only earthly being akin to you, one who had been left a babe by the dying mother, whose last fond, gasping prayer was that you would be to it a friend, faithful unto death; one who had, in cause of the abuse and mis-training you were powerless to prevent, been on a wilful upon your heart, and a still-since about your neck, from the day he was born till now, and you had seen your own sweet one that when you married you hailed with joy the prospect of giving to this poor boy the babe your mother left, a home, and of teaching him, by kindness and patience, how to become what he ought to be—would you, your husband and your own if he refused to enter into your feelings for your brother—if he was angry because you desired to offer him a home with you?"

I had been growing more and more ashamed of myself with every word which my mother had uttered; my heart ached, too, at the picture of the desolate orphan which she had drawn; and I had out a little longer.

"He will be such a plague," I muttered.

"I presume he will—boys usually are—James was, I remember, a great plague to his poor kindly with the faults of the young, how are any good men and women to be reared? I would that my husband could have had the training and care of him

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ANDRIA.

BY ALICE CARY.

Her language is as sweet and fit
You never have enough of it.
If she neither the house a bright
Without any candle light.

Whether that her hair is rolled
Round an ivory comb, or gold
Turned or cut, I cannot tell;
In itself it claims as well.

Whether she doth wear her coat
Loose, or buttoned to the throat—
Roses or ruffles, silks or any,
Seems to me the sweetest way.

She's so gentle in all
Sighs, as if by chance, do fall,
Only to her shall the sprites,
Getting heavenward enemies.

Every little word she speaks
Makes her more to be desired—
Modest, till she silence dies
From the fullness in her eyes.

By her innocence she saves
Half from her: through love's laws,
That so kind is like a maid,
Each to all, she seems the best.

THE RESCUE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

In the spring of 1794, while General Wayne, in command of the Northwestern Army, was occupying Fort Greenville, which he had constructed the preceding winter, news was brought to him that a party of Pottawatomies had surprised and destroyed the block-house of a small settlement not far distant, and massacred all the females except a young female, whom they had taken prisoner and were then supposed to be conducting to their village. The female, a Miss Eggleston, was the daughter of an officer of rank who was a near friend of Wayne's, and he determined, if it lay power, to save her. At that time there were but two or three heroic little bands of spies or scouts, attached to his division; and he knew if a rescue could be effected at all, the scouts were eminent what that important enterprise could be found among them, and them only.

Now it so happened that a small party of these scouts were at that moment in the fort, having come in the night previous with important information, and were preparing to set off again immediately. Reading for one of the number of these, Robert McClellan by name, who, though not the regularly appointed leader of the party, sometimes acted in that capacity when his commander was absent, the general brief'ly informed him of what had taken place, and asked him if he thought there was a hope of Miss Eggleston being rescued.

"I can't say as to that, General," replied the scout; "but this I will say, of it kin be done, I kin do it."

"How many men do you want?" asked Wayne.

"How big is the party?" inquired the scout.

"From the report, I should judge there were twenty or thirty of them."

"Then it'll never do for us to make a regular stand-up fight on't, General, unless we has the sarp'nt and the shoot all along;" and as they won't be in after no-more, of then, I reckon it's best to operate by ambuscuddin; and with the two that's here with me—Hickman and Hart—will be just as good for that use as a dozen more. Only put me what I can git on their trail, and of the red niggers arn't too far ahead, I'll soon fetch a good report of sure, of I don't of the young woman."

"But you must bring a good account of her?" rejoined Wayne, in a positive tone. "It is for sure as I send you; for she is the daughter of my friend, and her life and rescue are above price."

"Then we'll save her, General," replied the hardy scout—"that is of the butchering varmints only save her themselves till he kin get to what she is."

General Wayne gave McClellan some further instructions, and then bade him set out immediately; and returning to his temporary quarters in the fort, and informing the commandant what was required of them, they at once set about preparing for their new adventure; and in less than an hour after, the three were threading the intricate recesses of a great, dark forest, which then stretched away, unbroken, for many a long league before them.

With long and rapid strides—McClellan, the fleeted-footed hunter of his time, on the land—they got over many twenty-milewell-grown miles before the ruins of the block-house, where the massacre had taken place, met at the same settling. Here the war light enough to find the broad trail of the retreating Indians; and with no necessary delay they set out upon it, and advanced some two or three miles further, when the gathering night compelled them to encamp, and kindle no fire, and eat cold bites till another day.

The night, however, passed off without any disturbance; and at the first streak of day they arose and resumed their journey; and when the sun was again, they had travelled far upon the broad trail of their foes in a northerly direction.

It is not our purpose to follow them in detail. Suffice it to say, that near the close of the second day they reached a point where the trail forked, and it became necessary to make a careful examination, in order to decide which party of them had the prisoner with them. To the best of their judgment, the whole number of Indians was not much short of thirty; but they were not to be alarmed by the point of separation, as was evident from one trail being much larger than the other. They accordingly concluded themselves that the girl had been taken with the smaller party; and it was upon the trail of pursuing discovery, as it gave them more hope of being successful in her rescue.

This decision reached, no rapidity till night and then encamped—proceeding on the following morning as before; and on the close of the third day, just as night was setting in, they came within view of the campfire of their foes. Waiting until two or three hours, until they thought the warriors perfectly safe, they carefully proceeded to reconnoitre the Indian camp, which was in a small open plenant, but heavily wooded valley, through which flowed a small fork of the Wabash. Creeping up cautiously, under cover of some bushes, they beheld six Indians cautiously disposed around the fire, three of them lying down as if asleep, and the others sitting upon it together, conversing in low tones, occasionally laughing, and evidently totally unsuspicious of danger. A little apart, and bound to a tree, was the poor captive—a young and beautiful female—whose new palo and dejected features bespoke the despair of her heart, and, combined with her disheveled hair and torn and disarranged garments, rendered her an object of pity even to those hardened to almost every scene of suffering and distress.

Having fully ascertained the number and position of their enemies, and the fact that the prisoner, whom they had come to rescue was still alive, the scouts drew stealthily back to a safe distance, and held a whispered consultation upon the manner of their future procedure.

"I don't exactly like either of your plans," said McClellan, who had quietly listened to the propositions of the others. "It's our business to git the gal away—that's the General's orders—and the way that we kin do that the best, is the best way. Now, instead of trying to steal their guns, one of you just creep up and cut her cords, and start her off toward us as easy as you kin; but of that's an alarm, tell her to look for the nearest thicket, and we'll stand shown her and learn. I don't think that'll be any trouble hard nor nothing, and all right, for we've fought bigger odds afore to-day, without the loosing of a hair, and I don't see as it need be any too."

After some further discussion, the plan of McClellan was acceded to by Hickman and Hart was selected to creep into the camp and release the girl as he could be in readiness to pour in their fire in case of an alarm—which, to say the least, was highly probable, as the Indians were sure to throw the whole camp into confusion, and give the scouts a friendless much the advantage—while she was to would be almost certain in escape, and her self to run as what they now

sought rather than the lives of the savages.

Having thus arranged the matter, the three scouts kept perfectly quiet and silent some two or three hours longer, and then began the execution of their final scheme. The fire, which the Indians had fed with sticks, had now gone down to a mere bed of coals; the only the latter served McClellan's idea, as it would render Hart less liable to be seen in his approach to the prisoner.

Some quarter of an hour more was spent in arranging everything to their perfect liking, and getting into position, which they finally did in that stealthy and cautious manner peculiar to men of their profession. Hickman knew by his two companions where their fire would be sure to be effective, Hart understood and readily drew back, and glided round to the captive. He reached her without any discovery, and found her fast asleep, although on the ground, her back braced against the tree to which she was bound. To untie her, and warn her to be still, was the first delicate care at hand—without causing her to start, or cry out, and so arouse the captors—was a delicate task. He began, however, by whispering in her ear, and so continued till he had her aroused to sense, and her comprehended his words, when her true presence of mind came to his aid, and he was greatly assisted and relieved at her whispered reply:

"I understand you—I thank you—God bless you, whoever you are! I'll be still as death, for a soldier's daughter, and will do whatever you bid me."

"Then just as soon as I cut your cords," whispered Hart, in reply, "git up and follow me, and step as light as a fairy, for the last of the lot joins do bargain to rouse, don't get too skeared, but run for the nearest thicket that you see, and there we stand to settle them."

He then cut her bonds; and quickly, but with trembling eagerness, she arose to comply with his directions; but for the first step forward, her limbs refused, and benumbed limbs partially giving way under her, she stumbled upon a dry branch, which broke beneath her weight.

Instantly one of the Indians nearest the fire started up with a yell, and then stretched his arms, as if log himself called upon to rest, suddenly prostrated his chin on the breast of his foe, and fell back senseless in his body. As he fell back, the scout, with a yell of triumph and defiance, bounded over the fallen body of his victim, and the others were fully aroused and alarmed. Snapping his pistol at the nearest foe, he turned to the settling. There the Hart struck out with his tomahawk, but stumbled at the same moment over the body of his victim, and the act of rising, fell heavily against him. The latter staggered, and was really much alarmed and confused; but the former, seeing that he had not as enemy within his reach, he quickly grappled him, whipped his knife, and plunged it several times into his body. He was in the very act of doing this, when a shot from the rifle of McClellan pierced his brain, and he fell dead over the dying form of Hart—Hickman at the same instant springing forward to follow them in death. Suffice it to say, that near the close of the second day they reached a point where the trail forked, and it became necessary to make a careful examination, in order to decide which party of them had the prisoner with them. To the best of their judgment, the whole number of Indians was not much short of thirty; but they were not to be alarmed by the point of separation, as was evident from one trail being much larger than the other. They accordingly concluded themselves that the girl had been taken with the smaller party; and it was upon the trail of pursuing discovery, as it gave them more hope of being successful in her rescue.

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whatever they considered of any value, they sat down by their dead comrade, and passed the night beside him, rehearsing tales of adventures in which he had taken a part, and renewing their oaths of eternal vengeance against the whole Indian race.

At daylight the following morning they dug a rude grave with their hatchets and knives, and having shown their final respect to their late companion, by interring his remains as well as their circumstances would permit, they set out on their return to the fort, which they reached without event in safety, and where they delivered their rescued captive into the hands of General Wayne, who not only kindly thanked, but liberally rewarded, them.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N.B.—All the back numbers of the LEDGER, *from June 10, 1855, up to the present date, can be had at our office, in quantities or single copies.*

Romeo wants to cure her sweetheart of the habit of talking any thing and everything. Now for him to say so of snuff and tobacco. Tobacco was introduced with peculiar privileges, and snuff is a thing of the past. Moreover since that, the whole world has been busy puffing away, and we have not heard of a single case of ill result. It is by the time that we discover the silkworm or the cigar-worm, that we shall have to look out for the age of manufacture, that the men should be in danger of being smoked to death. Romeo's case is peculiar, but we continue to think that the best cooling cure is to meet the perception of the beautiful and the true, as well as the moral and perhaps religious sentiments are very well adapted for the present time. Tobacco is a matter-of-fact thing, and we should not think of trying to cure it except on another; but we are not enough for that. Let Romeo try the effect of a little fun.

Ida Vincent Sorrow, in behalf of herself and of Miss Mary Jane Sorrow, wishes to know the meaning of Mark's dream in the 4th chapter of the 1st Epistle of Peter. A strange sketch stained church in their city, and enter an old-fashioned building, and are met at the door by a gentleman and three or four ladies; arrive the stranger is conducted to a pew, and sits down in it, and he becomes seated, it is meant there is room for only one more, and that is reserved for the stranger. Question: Is this a relic of etiquette or the best of good breeding? And when they are also wholly unknown should not the ladies be seated first, and the gentleman last? Is it not proper to accord the right to be seated to the lady who is the oldest? Is it in no case the proper thing for the gentleman to offer to the ladies the choice of the pews? Is it more than as though he were in their house. How would you like to be treated in a church? Is it the way to do any thing to blame her and Miss Mary Jane Sorrow, and say they do blame in her own house? The ladies should be seated first, and last Miss Ida.

A Bachus or the Lucian was engaged in a "sleepy girl," and he was to meet her at her home. He called upon her, and his house he found that "another person—a perfect rule, the house of a lady." Now, the question is, what is proper in this second lover, but this is true in her attachment, and he is to be seated in the parlor, and the lady is to be taken for another. Now we say most emphatically, that no person or company of persons in this country; so you need not be afraid of your lover's coming, and you can receive him as you please. He can indulge in any caprices of belief without fear of being annoyed, insulted, or molested in any way, and any one is there in her own house. If she wishes to receive him in the parlor, she has a right to do so